

CLUB LETTERS

club

club letters

*Mia
Malkova*

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club letters
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CLUB LETTERS



Gina Valentina



Mia Malkova



*Riley Reid
Eva Lovia*



CLUB LETTERS

club

Stormy Daniels

letters

Would you like me to cum over and read something sexy to you - naked?

My name is Donnie. I'm a 32-year-old science fiction writer, and I'm quite shy. But I'm going to come out of my shell a little to tell you how I feel. Here goes. I don't know why, but Stormy Daniels is my life-long fantasy. She is so built and sexy, not to mention, probably the hottest woman alive. I'm going to admit that she makes me rock-hard. She is totally gorgeous. I know you may think I'm a nerd that's infatuated with big boobs and a kick-ass body, and you'd be right, but read between the lines and see that she is a goddess for the new millennium.

I can't stop fantasizing about her, and the pictorial just fuels my fantasies. Damn; she's so fucking hot. I know she's been in the news lately but that makes her even hotter than she already is. As one of her biggest fans, if at all possible, I would do anything if I could just get an autographed photo. That will really put me and her in our own fantasy world. I bet she's a real sweetheart, too.

Love and kisses and everything else I would like to do to her.

— Donnie, Florida



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A HOT CELEBRATION

Old enough now, she's hot to go

It used to drive my boyfriend mad that I refused to have sex until I was 18. "When are we going to do it?" he kept asking, but I'm a decent girl, and I was determined to make him wait till I was legally an adult. Naturally, by the time my eighteenth birthday came along, we

of a sudden, I was pulling his cock out of his pants and slowly jerking it up to erection.

"I'm not sure we should be doing this," he said, but I could tell from the way his cock was getting hard in my hand that he really, really wanted to. I didn't argue with him about it; I just started kissing his cockhead and licking down his shaft. He shut up again.

I'd never tasted a cock before, but I liked it right away. It was a challenge getting his full seven

piece of the action, too, though, so I sat up and pulled my dress off over my head.

I'd been planning this for ages, so I hadn't worn any underthings.

"You can't do that here," he said, staring at my bare tits, but I was already reaching for the reclining button on his seat.

The seat fell almost flat, and I climbed onto it alongside him. I moved my legs apart, and I could smell my own scent between them. My pussy had gotten wet just from my tasting his cock. I squirmed my body beneath his and wrapped my thighs around his middle. His cock began to press against my pussy-lips, and I prepared to get penetrated for the first time ever.

He teased me first. He buried his face between my tits for a while, sucking on my cleavage and biting at my nipples. As his teeth tugged at my nips, dragging them away from the fleshy tits, then letting them snap back into place, I thought I was going to come. I just loved having my tits played with, and it made me even more desperate to be fucked.

"I've waited 18 years for this," I said, as a spasm of lust shot through my tits. "Fuck me now."

He didn't let me down. He guided his cock between the lips of my pussy, then slammed his full length home. I felt all the muscles in my pussy tighten, still trying to guard my virgin territory, but he was clearly determined to have his way. He withdrew slightly, then pumped in again.

The pleasure was just so intense.



were both absolutely desperate for it. While we drove home from my party, I got him to pull the car over so I could fuck him there and then.

Boy, was he shocked. "Fuck you on the side of the road?" he kept asking, but once I leaned over and undid his zipper, he shut up. We'd been dating since we were 16 and had only ever kissed before. Now, all

inches in my mouth at once, but I was soon doing my best to eat him up whole. I licked his cock, tasting his juices on my tongue. Then I slowly pushed my lips down the length of his shaft until I could feel his pubic hairs tickling my nose.

He began to massage his fingers through my hair, keeping my head down between his legs. I wanted a

As his teeth tugged at my nips, dragging them away from the fleshy tits, then letting them snap back into place, I thought I was going to come.

It felt like my pussy was on fire as he gradually quickened the speed of his thrusts until he was flat-out fucking me. I clung on for the ride, as best I could, squeezing my thighs around his body and clamping my fingers onto his firm ass-cheeks.

Every last inch of my body was being driven crazy with lust. Every part of me felt alive. My nipples were still throbbing from where he'd touched them. My head was spinning with dirty thoughts. My thin waist was starting to curve. My pert tits were turning into double-D jugs. My tight hole was stretching and begging for a bigger cock and a harder fucking.

Suddenly, I realized I was screaming. The intensity of the fucking had made me lose all control, and I just kept on yelling for more. I wanted his cock to rip me apart until the sensations became unbearable. I wanted to die from lust.

He filled my hole just one last time. I felt his balls slap up against the opening of my pussy, then screamed his name as the orgasm took me to paradise. My pussy throbbed, clinging so tightly to his cock that he couldn't even move it.

Ecstasy overwhelmed me. My fingernails dug into his ass-cheeks as I desperately attempted to fight off an orgasm that seemed ready to blow my clit to pieces. Juice poured out of my pussy, greasing up his cock and allowing him to pump harder.

The wetness of my pussy turned him into a wild man. He could fuck me better now, and he really took

advantage of the situation. His hips were thrusting back and forth like mad, his cock slamming far up into my pussy.

My erogenous zones felt totally electrified as he repeatedly filled my hot, sticky hole. The car began to smell like sex, something my boyfriend clearly got off on. His helmet throbbed against the walls of my pussy, and a final thrust of his cock sent him over the edge into orgasm. My pussy got its first blast of spunk, and nothing had

My boyfriend began to kiss me. "Happy birthday, baby," he said. "I'll give you your present when we get home."

I kissed him back. "You've already given me my present," I said.

– Clare/Arizona

BACKWOODS BABE

Is she really a total slut?



ever felt better. I could feel his cock throbbing as more and more cum went shooting up inside me. Feeling and hearing him come made my pussy tighten around his cock in a series of wild spasms.

I touched the spot between my legs where his cock had shot up me. Juice was everywhere. I was dripping wet with lust, and my pussy was on fire.

I live in this dumb-ass hick town in the middle of nowhere. As soon as I graduate, I'm going to get the hell out of here, but until then I'm stuck. Everybody around here is totally boring except for me (and a couple of my friends), and they mostly think I'm a total slut, but I don't care. I mean, it's only because I did this one pretty crazy thing last summer when I'd just turned 18. I'm

His helmet throbbed against the walls of my pussy, and a final thrust of his cock sent him over the edge into orgasm.

really not a slut. I just like to have a little fun, you know? And hot damn, it was way fun!

I was at this kegger—we have a lot of those out here in the boonies. I was kind of lit up—you know, I'd had a few beers. I was talking to this really hot dude from the next town over. His name was Kenny and we were, like, flirting and all. Then his friend, Gary, came up and started

I could feel his dick, too!

Yeah, I know, I should've slapped them both and got the hell out of there, but to tell you the truth, it was making me feel real hot to have those two dicks rubbing on me like that. So, maybe it was the beer, or maybe I really am a slut, but I took both guys by the hand, led them farther into the woods and...well, we had ourselves some fun.



flirting with me, too. Well, I was thinking that maybe I should take one of them home with me, get a little dick, you know. That's when Kenny started kissing me. Not just kissing a little, either—no, he was sticking his tongue down my throat! Plus he was pushed up against me and I could feel his dick all hard against my belly.

Well, shit, we were kind of at the edge of the kegger, close to the woods, so I figured what the hell, and I started squeezing on his bulge with my hand. That's when I felt Gary come up behind me and kind of rub up and down me with his body. And

First I started working on Kenny's jeans, because I wanted to get a taste of that dick I'd been feeling. He seemed kind of surprised, and so did Gary, but pretty soon they both had their fat boners out and were waving them around. I didn't want to play favorites, so I got down on my knees, took hold of their dicks, and started sucking on both of them! I'd lick on Kenny's big, fat rod, then I'd suck a little on Gary's long, skinny one, and then I'd deepthroat them one at a time. I squeezed their balls and rubbed and sucked till they were both groaning like crazy, and I was pretty sure they were going to blow.

Still, I wanted to get laid! My pussy was juicing so bad that my jeans were getting all wet, and I really wanted to shove one of their dicks up there.

I wasn't feeling real shy or anything, so I just let go of their boners and started taking off my clothes, right there in the woods. They looked kind of surprised at first, but after a second they started helping me. Kenny was trying to undo my bra as Gary pulled off my panties.

Then Kenny was sucking on my titties and, oh man, that felt good. Now, I don't have much up top, and sometimes some of the girls tease me, but Kenny didn't mind. He was slurping on my baby-nips like they were cherry suckers. And then Gary was sticking his fingers up my pussy, and I thought maybe I was going to come right there, especially when he start waggling one of those fingers all over my clit. I probably should have been embarrassed because I was juicing all over the place, but I was too far gone to care. I just wanted to get laid, and real bad.

For a minute, I couldn't figure out whether I wanted Kenny's fat boner or Gary's long one, but luckily I didn't have to decide. Kenny stopped sucking on my titties long enough to get me down on all fours, and then he got behind me and plugged me good. He stuck that fat old dick straight into my pussy till his balls slapped right against my lips, and then he started fucking away. It felt so good I started coming like crazy. Then he was doing me even harder while my pussy clamped down on him.

Kenny stopped sucking on my titties long enough to get me down on all fours, and then he got behind me and plugged me good.

SECRET CRUSHES



We all know you wish you could hook up with the ladies in these pages. While highly unlikely, we encourage you to let them know you'd wash their car, meet their parents, or just that you have a secret crush on them!

: Lena was the just pick-me-up I needed when I got home
: last Tuesday. I had bought the **Swank** (#228) issue the day
: before, but didn't have a chance to read it. I like the nice
: pictures and the mindless verbal entertainment (no offense
: to the editors). As I thumbed through the issue, I was blown
: away by Lena Nicole. I was not familiar with her, so she
: was a pleasant surprise. Her long lithe body is just my type.
: Her long blonde hair was just my type. I lingered over the
: photos and imagined that I could see her in person. That
: would be cool. I tried to find out more about her, but that
: was limited so I just have to do with what I saw here, and
: that marvelous video of her on your website.

— Sean, Jacksonville

I love me a full figured woman. There's
more cushion for the pushin'. There's
no bones to grind on you, and above all,
her lady parts are fuller, and plumper,
and sexier. Ever since I can remember,
I have been attracted to Rubenesque
women. Shall I tell you why? Well, my
eighth grade Latin teacher was a little
plump, but she would always wear low
cut dresses. She was about 45 and not that
pretty, but she had great cleavage, and it
was freckled. I would sneak peeks down
the front of her dress and catch a glimpse
of her lacy bra. While I do not remember
any Latin, I do remember Mrs. Haskins.
So, to see Karlee Grey in your last issue,
I was, needless to say, extremely excited.
She the perfect woman. Not a girl any-
more, and that's perfect for someone like
me. So, thanks again.

Victorio, Pomona



Then, all of a sudden, Gary's long pole was in my face, and I was really wanting that thing down my throat. So I opened up real wide and took him all the way down, till my eyes were bugging out. It was way hard, but he liked it a lot. Pretty soon he was fucking me just as hard and fast in the mouth as Kenny was fucking my pussy. I knew I must look like a total whore, all naked on my hands and knees and taking it from both ends, but I didn't give a fuck by then, you know?

Especially not when they both let loose and started shooting their

So that's why everyone thinks I'm such a slut, but you know, I don't care. Fucking those boys was the best time I'd had in years!

— Penny/New Mexico

I WANT IT WHEN I WANT IT

Tonight my nipples were poking hard at the material

I'm the type that knows what I want sexually and I am not afraid to go after it. I make all my classes during the week but when it comes

I was at the local club just off campus waiting to meet my friends. In the huge mirror behind the bar I could see the entire club, as well as myself. Here at ASU it was early spring and the temperature was still quite warm, so I dressed in a rather skimpy, tight-fitting black vest, a short, tight black leather mini-skirt and heels. My vest showed my tanned boobs off to perfection. I was known for having bullet-like nipples that tended to poke through the little tops I would wear. Tonight I was sans bra and my nipples were poking hard at the material. Sometimes, they were a pain but on nights like tonight, they were a definitely plus.

Sitting at the bar I got a text message from my friends saying they were running a little late. So I decided that I might as well make the most of it by ordering another glass of wine from the bartender. 'Fuck it,' I thought to myself. Let me see if I can get some action before my friends arrive. And when they do, they'll have to find their own, because I'm not in the mood to share.

I finished my drink, tipped the barkeep, and decided to check out the club. I made my way to the dance floor and started to look around for a guy that I'd find attractive and unattached. Within a few minutes I saw a guy that fit the bill. In the dark club, he looked about 23 with a nice shirt, jeans properly around his waist, and nice-looking shoes. Very important. As I made my way towards him, we made eye contact at about ten feet and I smiled at him. As he approached me, we instinctively start-



spunk into me. Hell, it was all I could do to keep up with Gary's big load, trying to swallow it down while he kept pumping it into me. Plus I could feel Kenny filling up my pussy real good, shooting his wad into my hole till it totally filled me up. Man, they just kept pounding into me till they'd used up a quart of cum, and then they turned me around the other way and did it again.

to the weekend, it's my release, emotionally and physically. And when I go out, I'm not looking to pick someone up. I go out to socialize, drink, and to dance. Sometimes dancing provocatively gets me attention that I'm not really seeking. But I'll let myself go and see what happens. However, this night I felt like I really needed a man. But not just any man would do.

When I dance with a guy, I want to know that inside his pants he's getting gradually harder and harder because of my moves.

ed to shuffle dance, getting closer and closer.

When I dance with a guy, I want to know that inside his pants he's getting gradually harder and harder because of my moves. After about fifteen minutes of dancing with him, kissing and touching him on the dancefloor, I whispered into his ear. "I'm going to fuck you, now... in the restroom." Without giving him the option to answer, I grabbed his hands and started to pull him towards the ladies washroom. The ladies restrooms were generally not monitored. If there was to be trou-

asked and pulled his jeans and boxers down. I grabbed his semi-erect cock and stroked it to full hardness. I bent over and gave it a quick lick and straightened back up to slip out of my thong and stuff it in my bag. I lifted my skirt, gently rubbing my clit for a few seconds so he could see, while I continued playing with his cock. Then I decided to get at it. His smile told me he was enjoying himself.

I squatted in front of him, the leather squeaking against my moist skin. I licked my lips as he watched and I totally engulfed his cock in

the seat and straddled him. First, I lifted my skirt even more and put my wet pussy near his face. He leaned forward as if to lick it but I sat down on his cock too fast. By this time, I was dripping wet and his cock slipped inside me with relative ease. I could feel his muscles twitch as he felt me tighten myself around him. As I lowered myself onto his lap, I put my hands on his shoulders and looked directly into his eyes while I grinded on him.

I undid the remaining buttons on my vest and my boobs bounced out off their restraints. My nipples were hard, and I knew if he sucked them, it would get me closer to the edge. After a few minutes of sliding slowly up and down the shaft of his cock, I could tell by the increased rate of his breathing and the way his legs were starting to twitch that he was close to cumming. I needed to get closer myself, so I jammed my body down on him and changed from my previous gentle motion to a harder grind in a forward and backward motion, making sure my clit was pressing hard against the base of his cock.

But I still wasn't ready to cum, so I stood up and turned around to face the door and I bent over to shove my butt in his face. I wiggled backwards until I felt his lips on my pussy. His hands came around and pulled me deeper into him. I felt his tongue lick my outer lips and push it's way into my sopping wet hole. I reached up to brace myself on the door and bent over more to give him better access to me. His hands moved around to my butt and he



ble, it would most probably come from the men's room. At first, he was a little worried about going in the ladies room, but after I asked him if he wanted to fuck me or not, he complied, holding my hand and slipping into the nearest free cubicle after me.

Locking the door behind us, I told him to sit down and get his cock ready for a action. He did as I

one motion. It disappeared entirely in my mouth; my lips closed around it; and I slowly backed off eyes looking up at him. I started to give him my special blow job moves and I sensed he knew it. I licked and sucked all around his penis and dug my nails into his lower back as I pulled his hips into me to swallow that cock of his.

I then pushed him down on

It disappeared entirely in my mouth; my lips closed around it; and I slowly backed off eyes looking up at him.

squeezed my buttcheeks sending me deeper into pleasure.

I felt his tongue slide up and lick my butthole, but I'm not ready for that with him, so I pulled myself forward, reached down between my legs, grabbed his cock and guided it into my pussy as I sat down on him, reverse cowgirl style. With hands on my hips, he pulled me down and the final workout began. I bounced up and down on his cock, shaking the toilet and stall. He struggled to stay on the seat, but still managed to grab my boobs from behind and pinch my super-hard nipples. This was now starting to really send me over the edge. And him too.

As I felt him begin to tighten up, I reached under and grabbed his balls and spun them around in my clutch until he came inside me with a muffled scream. The feeling of his hot cream spurting inside me felt fantastic but it didn't quite push me over the edge. With his cock still in me, I quickly started to rub my clit and within a few seconds, I felt the wave of an orgasm start to spread throughout my body.

I realized I didn't actually know his name but gave him a quick peck on the cheek and following a quick clean-up, we opened the cubicle door and walked out of the stall. My sense of pleasure was enhanced by the knowing glances and smiles I received from the other ladies in the restroom. Admittedly, we were so unaware of others being in the restroom, but they were all cool.

We headed back into the club and settled again at the bar. He ordered up a couple drinks for us as I

felt a small hand on my shoulder. It was my friends finally arriving – an hour too late. But I didn't mind. I had spent the time the way I wanted. I didn't bother to introduce them to him. After a while, I told them I had to use the ladies room. I looked over at him and left first. A few minutes later he followed me for round two!

– *Hallee/Arizona*

STILL A VIRGIN

*Plenty of other ways
to get him off!*



My boyfriend says he loves everything about me, from my tiny tits to my trimmed, strawberry-blonde pussy. And he likes my ass, too. It's very shapely and tight—I spend a lot of time running and swimming and exercising—and it's muscular, but not too much, if you know what I mean.

And just because my boyfriend knows about my body doesn't mean

we've done it. We haven't. Really. We've played around, though. In fact, we've done a lot of that.

He mouths my nipples through my shirt, then reaches under to tweak and twist them. He says my nipples are so cute when they poke through the material. He especially likes to lick them then. He puts his head right down, and his lips grip one nipple and tug and tug. He nibbles at each of them and gets my shirt all wet.

But I have to admit that he's right, because it looks bitchin' when my nips stick way out. I tell you, guys

really turn their heads when I walk by, my nipples all hard from Barry's sucking.

Barry is maybe 10 years older than me—I'm 18, and it's cool having an older boyfriend, because he takes me to hot concerts, fancy restaurants, real nice places. He's willing to spend money on me, and he's willing to wait to pop my cherry. He says he's got all the time in the world.

*The head looks all swollen and purple, and his cock
stands straight up, almost touching the tangle of dark
curls in his groin. I'm impressed.*

I'm lucky because not all guys feel that way. All the guys I used to date wanted to stick their cocks in me even before we kissed, and it was always, like, "Hi, Jen, you're cute, now suck my big one." Barry's not like that. He's a gentleman.

He likes to sit me on his lap, then all he does is ask me to slide back and forth a bit. Hey, I know what I'm doing. He keeps his pants on, but I feel his hard cock as I wiggle on his lap; his cock grows bigger and bigger as my tight ass glides along the shaft. Barry just grunts, holding my hips as I really get into riding his cloth-

covered cock. It gets me all hot, too, and I have to go and take a shower.

After a bit Barry joins me. He's always got a hard-on, and I try not to look, but it's kind of hard not to. His cock is huge—I'm not real experienced with cocks, but I'd have to say it's one of the longest I've ever seen, and it's really enormously wide, too. The head looks all swollen and purple, and his cock stands straight up, almost touching the tangle of dark curls in his groin. I'm impressed.

Barry likes to watch me staring at his cock, and sometimes he leans back against the shower wall and

strokes his cock as I stare. I'm fascinated—there's always that little drip of pre-cum at the tip, and his cock gets so huge in his fist.

Just when I think he's going to come and spew his cum all over the place, he turns his attention to me. He kisses my body, starting at my lips, then trailing to my shoulder. Next, he inches down to the tip of a little tit, then down to my bellybutton, and then bit by bit down to my pussy.

Barry says that even though he licks me there I'm still a virgin, which is good, because it's important

WAS THERE A GAME ON?

For the past year I've been having an affair with this chick named Yazmyn every time I visit Baltimore for business. I take the train from Union Station in D.C. and she meets me at the station there. Yazmyn could be considered a kept woman because she makes herself available whenever I come into town.

In order to keep things really fresh and exciting, I ask that we go somewhere new each time. Today it's the Nationals and the Orioles and somehow she's hooked us up with the VIP box. I didn't ask how she got it, just if it will be the two of us.

We make it to the game and to our box. The game was going on below us as we watched for a while through the big plate glass window. The first three innings ended and I turned off the lights. We both knew what we wanted as I pulled Yazmyn towards me. She melted in my arms. I started to kiss her and she willingly responded to me walking me backwards toward

the couch. It had been more than three months since my last trip. Longer than most other times.

We collapsed down on it and both got undressed like over-eager teenagers going at it for the first time. Soon we were both naked. Wanda's nipples were as hard as bullets and her pussy was flowing with her wetness. Never had she felt so wet. My cock was rock hard in anticipation.

I started to kiss her nipples and began biting on first one then the other. Yazmyn threw her head back and groaned in ecstasy. Running my tongue gently over her stomach, Yazmyn opened her legs as far as she could get them, allowing me access to her fully aroused clit. I gently nibbled it between my teeth and she came almost immediately.

In a muffled voice I heard her demand that I lick her pussy. I duly obliged and snaked my tongue inside the folds of her labia and then deep into her pussy. As I was licking her, I maneuvered my body so we were in the 69 position with my cock only inches away from Yazmyn's mouth.

She took it and started sucking eagerly taking it deep inside her mouth fondling my balls as she took as much of it as she could.

We were both nearing climax and as I licked hard on her pussy, Yazmyn sucked even harder on my cock. Our timing was perfect as she hit her orgasm, I shot a huge load of cum into her mouth and she hungrily swallowed every last drop, licking the tip clean.

We changed positions and I laid her back onto the sofa. Her legs were wide open and her cunt was glistening. I buried my cock into her right to the hilt and could feel my balls against her ass. Man, how I needed this as she found herself meeting my every thrust until finally

I came again shooting a huge load deep inside of her. She came again as well just as the game was ending. I was good night. We turned the lights on and headed out with the crowd. I had to ask someone who won.

—Andrew/D.C.

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that I remain one. I don't know why; I just want to be one...for now.

When Barry kneels in front of me in the shower, he kisses my inner thighs, then rests his mouth on my mound for just a minute. His not doing anything for that moment is a real turn-on for me. I tremble, just waiting for him to do something, anticipating his lips and tongue on me.

Water gushes down me as he gently slides his tongue along the puffy lips of my pussy. He nibbles at those lips, then lets his tongue swirl around my clit. It feels good, really good—I wouldn't lie to you. That tongue of his makes me tingle from head to foot—and particularly in between. Then, when he thinks I'm ready,

Barry carefully pushes my lips apart with his fingers, then plunges his tongue deep inside my wetness. His tongue is long—like the one on that guy from the rock group Kiss—and it just seems to bury itself all the way up my pussy. Then he kind of draws it out and thrusts it deep inside me. All the while he's slurping my juices, which just pour out of me.

As I stand there, legs wide apart, Barry's tongue tickles me pink—and tickles my pink. It feels so good, too. I rub my titties, making the nipples even stiffer, while my handsome boyfriend eats my virgin pussy.

I always come, and not just once, but twice. One orgasm after another. When I'm done, I sort of sink back against the shower wall.

Barry stands up and smiles and kisses me, his lips tasting like my musk. We french-kiss for a few minutes as he holds me lightly, his hands

caressing my ass-cheeks. He squeezes them. That makes my pussy tingle all the more, too.

So after a while I turn around so he can pay more attention to my pert ass, and Barry drops down to lick my crease. He rubs his fingertips along my swollen pussy-lips to get some of what he calls my sweet honey, rubbing it over my hole in the

against my cheeks. As he reams my ass, my fingers go in and out of my hot pussy.

He thrusts faster, his cock really pounding my bottom; then all of a sudden Barry grunts louder, and his hot jizz spews up my tight ass. It's such a cool feeling, and he's got so much spunk, my little ass can't hold it all, and it spills out of me. He thrusts



back. Then Barry takes his cock and buries it between my ass-cheeks. He slams me back against him, driving his cock deep inside my tight ass.

It hurt the first time, mostly because I just wasn't used to it, but now it feels so good. Barry plays with my titties while his cock pistons in and out of my ass. I feel his balls slapping

and thrusts, finishing off, then finally he stops. We stand there, his cock still buried to the hilt between my cheeks. I like that quiet moment, too.

Then Barry pulls out, and we wash and dress. It's so cool to have fun like this—and still be a virgin, you know.

—Jennifer, Pennsylvania

The creamy goo was pouring out of me like a raging river, cascading down Monica's throat while she sucked away and held me tight.



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BUTT-FUCKING CONVERT

*She tried anal once,
and now she's hooked!*

My boyfriend, Jake, let me know right from the start that he wanted to fuck my ass. Of course, I told him no way! I mean, I thought it was totally gross, plus I figured it must hurt a lot. But he kept telling me that now that I was 18, I should try new things, plus he told me how good it feels, and every time he'd go down on me, well, he'd kind of do me there, with his finger. At first that

horny. We'd been kissing and stuff, and he was, like, diddling on my clit, and we were totally ready to fuck.

But then Jake wouldn't fuck me! He kept kissing and licking and touching me everywhere, but he wouldn't do it, even though I wanted him to. I was begging him to please fuck me, but he just kept teasing me. Then he started talking real dirty to me, telling me what a great asshole I have and how much he'd love to kiss it and lick it and fuck it. I couldn't help it—he had me so horny by then that I would have let him do anything, just so long as he'd put it

started poking his tongue right up into my hole as far as he could reach.

Then he used some lotion and put his finger in me, kind of slow at first. He just kind of poked around with the tip and, even though it felt totally weird, it felt really good, too. Pretty soon he had one finger all the way up my butt and was kind of fucking me with it. I couldn't help it—it was making me feel all tingly and stuff, and I wanted more. So first he put two in, and then after a while he had three fingers buried all the way in my butthole!

I thought it must be so nasty, but he kept telling me how hot it was for him, so I knew he was liking it. And I was, too, and after a while I didn't want just his fingers anymore—I really wanted something a lot bigger and fatter, so I told him to go ahead and fuck me!

He squirted some more lotion on my back hole then, and I could feel his dick kind of poking around. I got a little scared then—I mean, he felt so big, and my asshole is so small! But I was so horny by then that I couldn't stop, so I told him to go ahead and put it in.

So he pushed his dick inside of me, just a little bit, and it hurt! Plus it felt kind of weird. But Jake said to wait; he said if he stayed still for a minute, my asshole would loosen up, and then it wouldn't hurt. And he was right! After just a minute or two, it started to feel really good, so good that I wanted more and told him so. He pushed himself all the way in then, and I couldn't believe how different it felt. Different but way hot, and way naughty. So I told him



kind of freaked me out, but then, I don't know, I started to really like it. And then he started telling me how pretty my butt is, and how much he'd like to lick me there, and how good it would feel to have his cock stroking in and out of my asshole.

Still I kept saying no, until one night, well, he just kind of talked me into it. We hadn't had sex in days and, gosh, we were both really, really

in, so I said Okay.

He started out by kissing and licking me there. Oh man, that felt so nasty! I mean, there he was, his tongue sucking at my asshole and, even worse, I was really liking it! I felt like such a totally bad girl for letting him do it, but at the same time it felt so good that I didn't want him to stop. It made me so horny I could hardly stand it, especially when he

*I thought it must be so nasty, but he kept
telling me how hot it was for him, so I knew
he was liking it.*

to go ahead and fuck me for real, and that's when he started to stroke it in and out.

He started out really slow, but pretty soon I was, like, all shaky inside, and I wanted it harder. So I told him, and he started doing it really fast. It didn't hurt at all anymore; it was kind of like regular sex only a whole lot more exciting! And even though it still felt kind of nasty, I could tell he was really liking it too, and that made me feel sexy. Especially when he reached around and starting doing my clit, too, while he was fucking me.

God, it took only about two minutes of that to send me right over the edge. I came so hard then, it felt like my pussy was exploding, even though Jake's cock wasn't even in my pussy!

He started coming then, too. I could tell because he was groaning really loud and shoving his dick in me really hard, the way he does when he's shooting his load. Plus, I could feel his stuff squirting into my ass while I was coming. Wow, did that feel good, all slick and greasy. It was totally wild! It felt way better than regular fucking, maybe because it was kind of like we shared this dirty little secret now. I mean, how many girls and guys do that?!

But now Jake and I do it that way a lot. I can't help it—sometimes it makes me excited just thinking about, well, about Jake's tongue and his cock in my asshole. Even though I was scared at first, it's my favorite way to fuck now, and I think everybody should try it. They'll probably be surprised at how much

they like it. I know I was!

— *Bethany/Arizona*

DENTAL HYGIENE

Across a crowded room....

As I looked up, I saw her gray-blue eyes beneath the longest unaided eyelashes this side of I-don't-know-where. She turned away from me, and I smelled the distinct odor of latex as I heard her snap on a pair of gloves. Her face was looming over me, close enough for me to see that her complexion did not have or need

I felt the cold, gnarled handle of her mirror against one corner of my lips and the insistent scraping of steel on the inside of my teeth. She was peeling off the layered-on tea, coffee, and other stains that had been accumulating since I had last been in to have a check-up and tooth-cleaning. It had been longer than usual because I had changed jobs and towns. One of my girlfriends at work had suggested I might like this dentist and her hygienist. I thought I'd give them a try.

I resigned myself to half an hour of having my teeth scraped and polished, feeling the cold dental tools in



the benefit of makeup.

I was aware of a doughnut of light directly above my face and a fringe of dark brown hair around hers. The chair hummed, tilting my head and torso down till I was parallel to the floor, and raised me up like a car on a lift. She said, "Turn toward me just a little. Now open wide."

my mouth, and enduring the aggravation of a chatty dental hygienist talking to me as she worked behind me when she knew damned well that I couldn't talk back with my mouth full of steel tools and mirrors. I relaxed as best I could into the chair and let my mind spin free.

That's when I felt her breast in my left ear. It was encased in her

*He started coming then, too. I could tell because
he was groaning really loud and shoving his dick in
me really hard,*

stiff, white blouse and something softer underneath, but I felt the unmistakable gentle pressure of her breast on my ear as I closed my eyes and imagined what it must look like free of its constraints.

I stretched my legs tightly in front of me, all the way down to my feet. Crossing my ankles, I flexed my thigh muscles to feel the pressure of them tightening against the flesh of my vulva. I held the pressure for a minute and felt my breath catch as my clitoris began to respond.

She pulled the probe and mirror out of my mouth and asked, “Did that hurt? Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” I said. “It’s okay.” The tools and the breast went back to where they had been. I flexed and relaxed my thigh muscles as I imagined her nipple, hard and erect, in my ear. Then I crossed my thighs to bring the pressure to bear more directly on my clitoris and continued flexing and relaxing rhythmically. I knew my clitoris was responding.

She worked the machinery of the chair to bring me to an upright sitting position and told me to rinse out my mouth. Resentful of the interruption of what was becoming an acceptable way to pass the time, I opened my eyes just enough to find the paper cup and aim the water from my mouth at the fountain beside the dental gear. I swirled the water around and felt little pieces of debris sloshing around in my mouth before I spit. Then I lay back into the embrace of the chair as she positioned me again and instructed me to open and turn a little.

The breast returned to its place

in my ear, and my imagination returned to the breast. This time both of them. My legs were still crossed and pulsing over my clitoris when she said she was going to stop for a minute. When I heard the door creak and the click of the door catch, I didn’t open my eyes.

Alone in the examination room, I pulled my feet up in front of me to

cunt bare and open, her voice said, “Open up a little and turn toward me.” I pulled my feet toward myself to open my cunt more and felt the smooth texture of the gloved finger penetrate deep inside me and begin to massage gently. Then it withdrew slowly, moved the length of my labia down to my anus, circled around and moved back up, circled my cli-



open my labia and moved my hand down to lift my skirt. I reached inside my panties and began to stroke my vulva right above my clitoris with the tip of my finger. I was just about to bring myself to the edge of an orgasm when I felt the smooth texture of latex on my skin and the authoritative grip of gloved fingers on each side of my hips peeling my panties down.

I nearly jumped with surprise, but my eyes stayed closed as I lifted my hips and pulled my thighs a little apart to assist the hands. Then, my

toris, now erect and hard as a nipple itself, and began to stroke the underside. I knew I was on the edge of an orgasm. I felt my back arching up, felt my legs trembling. I didn’t want to give it away with a shout, but I heard a sigh escape as I came.

I felt the cool smoothness of her latex gloves gently pushing my inner thighs apart and felt the warm softness of her lips caress my labia. I opened my eyes just a slit and through my eyelashes saw the top of her head as she started licking my clitoris with her long, flat tongue.

I felt the cool smoothness of her latex gloves gently pushing my inner thighs apart and felt the warm softness of her lips caress my labia.

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She circled my clitoris, then ran the hard tip of her tongue along the underside of my clitoris to my labia, where she relaxed her tongue to make it flat and broad as she went between my labia. She pushed my knees up to rotate my ass toward her as she circled my anus with her tongue. As her tongue touched and barely penetrated my anus ever-so-gently, I began to shudder. Again, she moved her tongue up between my labia and along the root of my clitoris, then gently along the hard underside.

When she reached the tip of my clitoris I was hovering just this side of an orgasm, ready to explode at the least pressure. The pressure relaxed, and the tongue circled the outside of my clitoris. It felt like my clit was about to burst with pressure. My breath was coming in short, panting bursts.

Again, she gently licked from the underside to the tip of my clitoris, and again she circled before she softened her tongue and separated my labia. This time, when she was between the labia she stiffened her tongue, and I felt it penetrate into my cunt. I arched my hips toward her to move her into me more completely, to fill myself with her tongue, to impale myself on her.

She pulsed in and out before she continued downward. I tilted my pelvis up without the aid of her hands this time, so she could circle my anus. This time I felt her tongue circle softly, gently probe, and then stiffen and penetrate me there. That's when I started to come again. My breath was coming in even short-

er bursts, and I put my heels on the chair to lift my pelvis toward her, to feel her tongue fucking my asshole. I shuddered again as she continued to fuck me.

When she withdrew her tongue and moved it between my labia, I let my butt fall to the chair and my knees fall down to open my cunt to her probing. Her tongue pulsed as she probed my cunt, and then she began to circle my clitoris again. I couldn't resist that any longer. My body shuddered, and I heard myself sigh loudly again as I came.

Then she was gone, and a moment later I felt a nipple in my ear, not encumbered by brassiere or blouse, but as full and erect as my clitoris. I felt the softness of the firm breast pushing the nipple deeper into my ear as she turned on a buzzing machine.

"Now I'm just going to polish your teeth a little bit," she said. "Open up and turn toward me again." I felt her gloved hands opening my mouth, prodding with her polishing machine. I smelled the minty smell of the paste she was using and the musty smell of my own cunt as I felt the tip of her machine revolving on my gums and teeth.

She could do whatever she wanted in my mouth. My hands moved down to my clitoris and stroked my cunt back to that quivery, near-orgasmic state in which she had found me minutes before. She had me rinse again, and again I opened my eyes only enough to hit the fountain.

Then I felt the floss between my teeth, and she said, "I'm going to

use my polisher now," and I felt her gloved hand stroke between my legs again gently but insistently pushing my thighs apart as I relaxed my knees to open wider to her touch.

The rapid, circular vibration just barely touched the underside of my clit as I gasped into an orgasm that I couldn't deny or control. The fast, gentle pressure didn't subside.



It was so insistent that it transcended feeling. I experienced the result, not the feeling that led to it. It was orgasm squared, orgasmiraculous, orgasmarama.... I gasped again and again as my body shuddered uncontrollably. Now her breast was stroking my face as she leaned over me. My back arched up, and

*She pulsed in and out before she continued downward.
I tilted my pelvis up without the aid of her hands this
time, so she could circle my anus.*

my body collapsed as I rolled onto my side and the buzzing of the machine stopped.

I was in a daze, halfway to a coma. "I have to get the doctor in to check your teeth, now," she said. I saw red as the lights went on in the room and heard her bustling around as she put on her bra and buttoned her blouse. I lay in a semi-fetal posi-



tion, unable or unwilling to sit back in the chair like a good dental patient. I didn't even want to open my eyes. I wanted to just float there for all time.

I heard the gloves snap off and felt her hands gently stroking my hair. I felt her lips caress my cheeks and move to my lips. I mustered the

energy to open my mouth to her probing tongue and let her penetrate me again.

She handed me my panties, but I put them under my butt and pulled my skirt down to my knees as I turned onto my back to try to pretend to be a living being for a few minutes while the dentist examined my teeth.

"I'll get Dr. Margot now," she said.

Dr. Margot Miller had long black hair and hazel eyes. I saw this much as she probed my teeth and gums with a cold steel hook.

"There's some discoloration on no. 3," the hygienist said.

I felt the prodding steel. "We'd better fix that before it gets any worse. Can you set up something for later? I'll need half an hour with her."

Then she was gone, and the hygienist said her name was Mary. "Come on into the office, and let's see if we can find a good time next week."

I could hardly walk. I felt like I'd been through the wringer. My whole body was still quaking. My cunt was pulsing in post-orgasmic spasms. My legs felt sprung. Every muscle of my body was still quivering, and my eyes were not yet in focus. She lowered the right arm of the chair, and I felt the pressure of her hand under my armpit as she helped to lift me to my feet. I managed to swing my feet to the right and put them on the ground, but I had to hold onto the chair as I took my first tentative steps toward the appointment office. Her hand was on my elbow,

guiding me.

Through the glass window that separated the appointment office from the waiting room, I saw a five-year-old kid playing with a teddy bear as her mother read a magazine. "How's Wednesday afternoon?" Mary asked as she consulted the appointment book.

"Fine," I said. "What time?"

"Do you want morning or afternoon?"

"How late do you work?" I asked.

"Four is the last appointment. We get out of here at four-thirty. Looks like the morning is full on Wednesday anyway. How's three?" she asked, "Is that okay?"

"Yes," I said, and she made an entry in the book and wrote the time and date on a card that she handed to me.

"What time is it now?" I asked, more of myself than of her as we both looked at our watches.

"Just four-thirty," we both said.

"Shall I meet you downstairs?" she asked.

I nodded my head up and down as I said, "Maybe we could have a drink or something. I'm a little...a little..."

"Exhausted?" she said with a smile. "Sure, I have some gin and tonic at my place. Does that sound good?"

"Much better than a noisy, smoky bar," I said. I didn't even ask where she lived as I nodded my head, knowing that I would recover soon and then I would be asking her to open wide and turn toward me.

— *Fletcher* Michigan

I felt her lips caress my cheeks and move to my lips. I mustered the energy to open my mouth to her probing tongue and let her penetrate me again.

MEETING A FIRST TIME LOVER CAN BE STRESSFUL, BUT THAT WON'T LAST.

Lorraine recollects the time when she and Chloe first met. The account of their relationship begins somewhat awkwardly and then heats up. Fortunately it has not yet ended. Grab your eyeglasses, a cup of coffee, your stuff... and enjoy.

The traffic is light as I head towards Chloe's apartment. It is almost time to meet her for the first time. My cell phone is on the seat next to me. I smile at the thought of hearing Chloe's voice. I expect she will be fresh from the shower and ready for some lady-loving!



Chloe tells me she has a large appetite for sex. Her passions inspire me and I want to be the best lover I can for her. She has responded to my willingness to try different things and to take the time to arouse her deepest passions before I seek mine. I have never seen her in person, but the pictures she shared with me over the internet and cell phone has fired my imagination. I just know her sweet treasure will be wet and juicy and ready for me.

My cell phone rings. It's her. She tells me she is home and awaits me. She is dressed in a short white summer dress. Her giggle is throaty and almost filled with anticipation. Her slight southern accent only makes her more desirable. We had planned a wine party to get things started and she seems true to her word.

Chloe's tells me how excited she is to see me as I tell her that I'm turning onto her street. I say that I'm dressed in a little flower-print dress and bringing a surprise along with me, but will have to show it to her later. "It's robin egg blue." I say. I tell her that I'm parking the car in front of her building. I ask if I can come in. The question hangs in the air. I ask if she is still there? I am worried that she is still nervous. I am worried that I have read too much into our shared passions; more than she ever intended.

I head up the front stairs to her house and knock on the door. What seems to be an eternity for me, she finally answers. We say 'hello' to each other with huge smiles as we see that the attraction is there. After all the months of back and forth emails and photos, this is the beautiful woman I saw and she is happy to see me, too. Not wanting to be obvious on the door stoop, she invites me in, closes the door and gives me a big hug. Our breasts touch in the embrace and I feel her



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fullness. Her face is beautiful, as is her body, and I cannot wait for us to be together. Chloe tell me she is ready to feel my body; ready to take all the loving I can dish out. Now I am a little worried; a little performance anxiety, perhaps.

I drop my bag by the door as she escorts me in and offers a cup of coffee or tea. I politely refuse but ask for some wine because the warm Houston day has made me thirsty. I look at her as she leaves the room. Her figure is awesome and her hair is gorgeous. She returns from the kitchen and places the glass in my hand. I thank her smiling as I sip and refresh myself. We make small talk for an hour and then the conversation begins to get more erotic. She tells me about some of her experiences, with both men and women. I am the more quiet one and but I feel comfortable telling her about some of mine. We talk and giggle like school-girls. When we reach the comfort level we seek, she tells me that she wants to see my toenail polish and the cute shoes that show it off.

I stand and offer my feet for her inspection. She holds them tenderly and begins to caress and lick them. I respond and after a minute am on my back on the sofa so she can more fully adore them. My dress has hiked up and now my panty is exposed and it seems to fuel her ardor. She arches over me so her pussy is just over my face. I kiss the insides of her silky thighs and work my way up to her treasure. Still covered with the fabric, I nuzzle it like in anticipation. Slowly we both get upright and unbutton our dress fronts. Our breasts are exposed and again we giggle complimenting each other. Hers are full with perfect sized nipples ready to be licked and sucked. Which, of course, I oblige.

Next it is time for the panty to release its hidden secrets. As they are pulled down, I notice she has the same cut as me. We both like a little hair down there, but clean shaven around the pussy lips. I cannot take in everything that I want to see. I am on sensory overload. Her slit is shaved smooth. I can just see the pink of her inner lips peeking out. Her nipples are erect. Her smile is so welcoming. I know that I made the right choice. Finally, my gaze settles into her eyes.

Chloe breaks the spell and the silence by asking me if I like what I see. I manage to sputter out that I am enthralled. I can feel my pussy getting wetter with anticipation. She beckons me to bend over so she can lick my sweet pussy. I lean over the back of the sofa as she pulls down my undies nestles her mouth into my posterior. I feel her tongue probing my pussy lips and rising up to my puckered hole. The feelings are sublime. She pulls off my panty and I take her dress off leaving her in just her panty. I rip the crotch open to get to her sweetness and she moans with desire.





I gaze at the object of my affection and just as I close in to lick her, she pushes me back on the sofa saying she's not done with me yet. I see a sly smile break across her face as she begins with my nipples and works her way down to my pussy. Pulling my pussy lips open, she attacks my clit like a velvet warrior, soft yet hard. I lean back, close my eyes and take in all the senses that her swirling tongue delivers.

Lost in her love I climax quickly but she continues to lick me, inserting her fingers deep into me, thrusting them in and out until I cum again and again. I have to close my thighs. I cannot take any more for the moment. She sits up, her long tresses framing her beautiful face and her mouth wet with my juices. She bends over to give me a deep kiss and I taste myself and get even more excited once again. I hug and caress her. Her skin is softer than I imagined. Her vanilla-scented perfume mingles with the raw musky scent of our sexed-up body chemistry. Bending my head down, I kiss her again, parting her lips and thrusting my tongue past her teeth. Chloe kisses me back with even more energy and passion than before.

My free hand begins to caress Chloe's breasts. Gently I twist and pull her nipples and she moans with pleasure. She kneels to unfasten my shoes and pulls them off. I am naked before her. I make her stop so I can get the bag that I had dropped in the corner. I pull out a large dildo. She smiles with approval. We discuss the virtues of a dildo over a cock laughing at the "my cock rules" attitude most of them have.

She gets on her knees taking it in as far as she can, looking up at me with big doe eyes. She reaches back and fondles herself as I take in the sexual spectacle before me. I tell her to get on her back as I hold the toy near my pussy and she leans back to lick it once again. I want her to touch herself so I can watch. Immediately her hands slide down her body stopping at her full breasts and rubs them until her nipples are rock hard. They continue down the firmness of her belly to her pussy where she begins to rub her clit with one hand and hold her pussy lips open with the other so I can watch. Her legs part a little wider to allow her to slip her fingers in all the way. I can see from the look in her eyes that Chloe is getting fully aroused and excited, and it excites me even more.

Chloe's passion is contagious. Chloe's body trembles when I pull on her nipples. I take the dildo and insert it gently into her juicy pussy. I'm now slipping the vibrator in and out of her tight hole. She trembles and her first release rocks through her body. She begs me for more and I oblige. We sixty-nine with the dildo passing between us. Six hours of pure sexual bliss pass between us, and then we head to the bedroom to nap.



SEDUCING THE BOSS

*A 19-year-old worker
knows what she wants...
and goes after it*

I'm 19 years old and in my sophomore year of college. To help make ends meet, I work nights in the mall as a salesgirl. It's not a bad job, particularly when your manager is as sexy as mine is. One evening Bryant asked me to stay late to finish unpacking some new stock. After we closed the store, we moved to the back room—I to finish the shipment, he to do the closing paperwork.

A few minutes of silence passed, and then he looked up from his paperwork and said, "Colette, these outfits you're wearing—uh, they're, uh, not exactly appropriate for work." Even though he was blushing, I could tell he was staring at my breasts. I reached up and tugged on my nipples through the soft fabric. His breathing got huskier, and I noticed a growing bulge in his suit pants. "Colette, don't." I had no intention of stopping.

I moved my hands to my skirt and tugged my sweater out. His eyes followed my every move. With a quick tug, I pulled the sweater up over my head, leaving my breasts free. His eyes bulged, and I ran my hands over my breasts, cupping them and fondling the nipples.

"Wouldn't you like to touch my breasts?" His hands seemed to move of their own accord, and he stepped closer to me, putting his hands where mine had been.

He moaned, and my breathing

quickened along with his as he bent down and softly licked my nipples. "Harder," I urged as I ran my hands through his hair, pushing his face into my breasts. I felt the fire run down my nerves from my nipples to my pussy, making it thick and wet.

I tugged his tie off and unbuttoned his shirt. "Take it off," I said. He stopped sucking my nipples long enough to unbutton his cuffs and pulled first his dress shirt and then his undershirt off. As I had suspected, he didn't have a lot of chest hair, but his body was nicely sculpted. I ran my hands over his chest muscles, stopping briefly to tug on his nipples.

I could see the bulge in his pants, his hard-on making a tent. For a relatively slender man, he had one hell of a big cock! By then I couldn't have stopped even if I'd wanted to; my pussy was hot and wet. I unbuttoned his pants, and they fell to the floor. With a quick push, his boxer shorts were gone, too.

I touched his cock, which must have been at least seven inches long and very thick. I wanted to feel him twitch in my mouth. So I knelt down in front of him, taking that huge

cock deep in my throat. His hips thrust, trying to go deeper. I felt the answering rush in the tightening of my pussy and knew I couldn't wait much longer.

I stood up and tugged off my skirt, then sat down on the table, spreading my legs wide. He knelt on the floor between them and gently touched the swollen flesh. I keep myself shaved, so there was no hair to



get in his way.

He flicked his tongue and caressed my clit the same way he had licked my nipples, and I swear, I almost came right then. His tongue circled my clit, and I could feel my

*I pinched her tiny pink nipples into stiff peaks,
then broke off to get a taste and rolled her panties
down over her high, round ass.*

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pussy muscles tightening. He sensed my desire, because he slid two slender fingers into me, and my hips bucked. "Please, please," I moaned.

I felt myself stiffen, ready to come, and his tongue slid off my clit and down onto my thigh, right above the stocking. "No," I moaned. "Don't stop."

He stood up and pushed me back against the wall. His hard cock

just from the movement of his cock inside me. But he didn't slow down, and he didn't come.

He bent down and started sucking on my nipples. At that point, my pussy muscles tightened around his cock, and I came and came and came. After I must have had five or six orgasms, he pushed harder and deeper inside me. When he came, so did I, in one last, great explosion.



strained at my opening. I leaned back, lifted my legs, and allowed him to spear my wetness.

He was so huge! He seemed to understand that it hurt, and he slowed down, giving me time to adjust to that thick cock. When I was ready, he pushed in the rest of the way and started pumping.

I came almost immediately,

With a sigh of regret, he pulled out of me, his cock already resuming its normal size. "Thank you, Colette," he said simply.

"You're welcome," I said, "but don't think this is the only time! You're too good for me to pass up!"

From then on, we made sure that we always closed together, and once that gate was down, we had our own

kind of relaxation in the back room. I'll never regret that day I decided to see what kind of lover my boss was!

— Colette, Nebraska

FROM DICK'S ROOM

Soon we were swapping spit

It was last Saturday afternoon and I was vacuuming the living room. We had a party the night before and, unfortunately, it was my time to clean up. Suddenly the vacuum stopped. I tried the button a couple of times, no luck. Then I turned around, thinking it had become unplugged. And it had. Holding the cord was Doreen and standing next to her was another girl that I had met only once, Payton was her name, I think. Doreen had dated Brad, my housemate, for a year or so, but now it was on again off again booty calls. I asked if they were looking for Brad but they said no, they were looking for a drink. I looked at the both of them and went into the kitchen and pulled a couple brews from the fridge.

Doreen was a good looking girl and her friend was nice too, a bit more scruffy than Doreen. I brought the cans back out to the living room, along with one for myself. They were already sitting on the sofa as I handed them their drinks. We were chatting and sipping the drinks when Doreen, who was sat opposite me, opened and crossed her legs to reveal white panties, I feel sure she knew what she was doing because Payton giggled.

He bent down and started sucking on my nipples. At that point, my pussy muscles tightened around his cock, and I came and came and came.

Payton was wearing a short skirt also, but she sat at the side of me. I couldn't stop looking up Doreen's skirt as I have a thing about white panties, so obviously it was getting me horny. She suddenly said "Do you like what you see?" I replied "Yes, yes I do." and with that she kept her legs open. I turned and said to Payton, "And what color are yours?" and she said "Pink."

I leaned over and lifted up her skirt to see for myself, and yes, they were pink. As I looked under her skirt, she opened her legs and I slipped my hand on the inside of her thigh, slowly caressing her. I made my way up her leg, and she put her arm around my neck. When I reached her panty, I ran my finger down the front of them.

I leaned in to kiss Payton and soon we were swapping spit, tongues and all, as I was running my finger up and down her panty. Doreen came over and stroked my cock through my pants. I moved my fingers inside Payton's elastic and found her to have a very wet pussy and as I fingered her clit, she went stiff and moaned. She had cum.

I stood up and lifted Payton onto her feet and lifting up her skirt I pulled down her panties to reveal a bald pussy. As I was doing this, Doreen had unclipped her bra and her firm tits appeared. Doreen began to lick her nipples as I pulled Payton onto the sofa. Pulling down my pants, I fed my seven-inch cock into this slim nineteen year old.

On the sofa, I rocked her with my chunky boner, as Doreen was rubbing her clit and licking her

nipples. She said she was cumming again; moaned and started to cry. I pulled out and she trickled out pussy juice which Doreen leaned in to lap up. I stood there watching this as hard as a rock, when Payton put her hand up Doreen's skirt, and was obviously rubbing her.

I lifted up Doreen's skirt and there were Payton's fingers inside her panties her crack. What a turn on! Moving Doreen onto her back, she and Payton got into a sixty-nine. I didn't know where to put my cock. As I'd already fucked Payton, I inserted myself deep in Doreen's pussy. As I was taking her from behind she was moaning, I could only imagine the feeling of being fucked and licked at the same time. As I banged her, she said she was cumming, so as she shouted out her climax, I shot my seed into her deep pussy, pumping and pumping what seems to be gallons. When I pulled out Payton was licking my sperm out of her engorged pussy.

I sat on the sofa as Doreen sat Payton up and they started to kiss some more, feeling each others boobs. As they sat there touching and stroking each other, I was rock hard again. Payton came over to me and began to suck my cock, as Doreen buried her face into her snatch. As she licked me I said "Come here and sit on me."

Payton got up and sat on my cock, bouncing up and down on my pole as Doreen rubbed her clit as I felt her boobs. After a few minutes I told her to get off and kneel on the floor and as she did, Doreen just wouldn't leave her alone. She was rubbing her nipples onto Payton's

pussy as I grabbed my rock hard cock and fed it back into her wet young pussy. Pulling out Doreen put her mouth over my cockhead and I deposited all my jizz into her throat. She then swallowed and sucked me dry. I asked each girl in turn if they had cum. Each said they did and Payton said 'three times.' We all laughed and collected ourselves.



As we got dressed Doreen said she was sorry they missed the party last night. They headed to the door and Payton turns around and asks,

"Can we do this next week?"

I said 'Sure.' and she walked out. I went and plugged the vacuum back in.

– Dick/Nevada

I moved my fingers inside Payton's elastic and found her to have a very wet pussy and as I fingered her clit, she went stiff and moaned.

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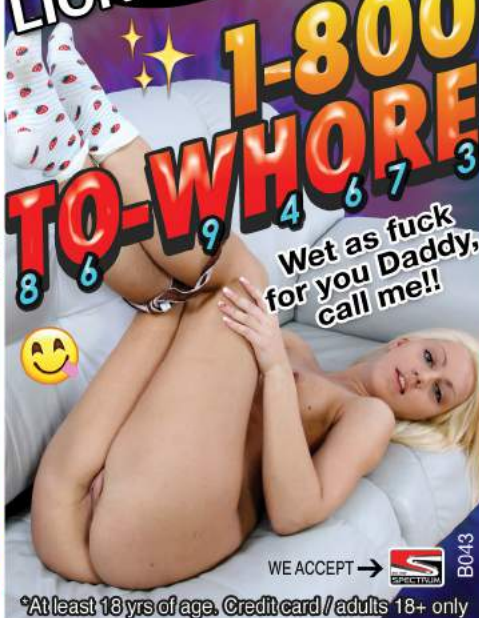
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SERVICE CALL

Door-to-door dicking when horny little honey lays a trap

It was like you daydream about: I was selling insurance door-to-door, and this young girl answered in a dressing gown with her hair still all wet from the shower.

"Are your parents in?" I asked her, and it made her laugh.

"I'm 18," she said. "I live alone."

I looked her up and down. She

She sat right next to me, and her gown fell open, revealing most of her tits and every last inch of her shapely thighs. Her nipples were small but erect, and she started to tweak one between her fingers.

"I get all horny after a shower," she said, parting her legs as she spoke.

I knew what she wanted. I brushed my hand along the inside of her thigh and began to stroke her warm, pink pussy. It was still moist from the oils she'd used in the shower, and my fingers glided easily over

She started to french-kiss me. I felt her tongue in my mouth and then her hand pulling at my pants. She might have been young, but she sure knew what she wanted. My pants and my Jockeys were soon halfway down my legs, and she was pushing me down on the couch so I was staring at the ceiling.

Then she straddled me. She sat on top of me, wiggling her ass just above my waist, then slowly lowered her pussy onto my rock-hard cock. Her dressing gown was wide open now, and I reached over and began to tweak her nipples. I loved feeling her tits in my hands as her pussy began to swallow my cock.

She gasped as I entered her. The shower and her juices had made her wet and sticky, but it was still one hell of a tight fit. I don't think she'd ever had an eight-inch cock inside her, and I saw her wince when her tight pussy struggled to take my full length.

I kept on tweaking her nipples, then cupped both her tits in my hands, pushing them together and making them look larger. She seemed to like my hands on her tits, and as she got more and more turned on, her tight teenage pussy began to get wetter and looser. Soon she was wet enough to be bouncing up and down on my cock like a kid on a fairground ride. I could feel her pussy gripping tight at my shaft as she rose into the air and then slammed down against my body.

She looked gorgeous sitting there on top of me, her pussy gobbling up my cock. She moaned and rocked as she slowly came to terms with my eight-inch cock, like she was



had the thin, tanned body of a teenager, but the tits of a fully developed woman. "Alone?" I said. "Aren't you worried about strange men getting in during the night and having their wicked way with you?"

She laughed. "I wish," she said, stepping back to let me through the door.

I walked through into her living room and sat down on the couch.

the smooth, hairless lips.

She began to groan. "It feels so hot down there today," she said. "Your fingers feel so good."

I was sure that no 18-year-old could have a pussy that smooth, so I guessed that she must have just shaved it in the shower. Juice began to spill out of the lips as my fingers massaged and groped at her skin, still prickly from the razor burn.

She gasped as I entered her. The shower and her juices had made her wet and sticky, but it was still one hell of a tight fit.

just learning how to fuck. I have to say I was having a blast teaching her the lesson!

Then she shocked me. She stopped fucking me for a second, turned around so her ass was facing me, then started humping me again from the opposite direction. It was a hooker's trick, and I knew at once that this girl had been around. What did I care? Her pussy gripped my cock even tighter in this new position, nearly bending it backward. Even better, I could see her pert ass bouncing up and down in front of my face as she repeatedly took my length.

I stuck my hands on her ass-cheeks and poked a finger up her crack. It made her squeal with pleasure. As my finger dug farther up her hole, it all became too much for her. I felt her pussy contracting around my cock and saw her throw back her head in orgasm.

It didn't stop her from fucking me, though. She seemed determined to enjoy every last second of her orgasm. The juice from her pussy greased it up even more, and I could feel my foreskin sliding back down my shaft as it thrust in and out of her hole. The feel of her oily pussy on my cock was heaven. My balls tingled and my shaft throbbed. The next thing I knew, I was filling her pussy with an ocean of spunk.

She must have felt me climaxing inside her, because she immediately stopped fucking. I thrust into her a few more times to get the last traces of cum out of my cock, then lay back, satisfied. She turned to face me and began to plant kisses on my face. I could feel her tits pressing into my

stomach, but her pussy had drained me dry, and there was no way I was going to be able to fuck her again.

"You're the second guy who's been around this week trying to sell me insurance," she said, then winked.

"Did he make a sale?" I asked.

"No," she said. "And he didn't care that he didn't, either."

— *Kurt, New Jersey*

married seven months, our sex life is starting to stagnate. We try to think of ways to spice it up and tonight was my turn to come up with something new.

I say we should sit back to back, and tell each other what we would do to one another. The first person to touch themselves, has to be the other's sex slave. Jenny says she likes



REVITALIZATION

We just had to do something different to spice up our sex life

My name is Peter and my new wife, Jenny is sitting with me watching some TV. I suggest we turn the TV off and try something new. New? Yes, even though we've only been

the idea, so we sit on the floor, back to back. I'll start. I tell her that I'd walk up behind her, place my arms around her waist and start kissing, and nibbling on the back of her neck.

Then I would slowly caress her breast with my right hand, while holding her close with my left. As I press against her, she will be able to feel my hard-on against her butt cheeks. Then I'd lick and kiss my

*My balls tingled and my shaft throbbed.
The next thing I knew, I was filling her pussy
with an ocean of spunk.*

way to the side of her neck, where I'd suck and nibble gently. Then I'd lift her bra up, so that I'd caress her breasts better. She sits there with her eyes closed, thinking about this, and staring to get very wet.

Then I slide my hand down the front of her pants, caressing her crotch from outside her pants, feeling her wetness. While pinching her nipple and caressing her crotch, she rocks her hips back and forth, feeling my hard cock pressing against her butt. I then turn her towards me, and we kiss, pressing my lips against hers, feeling her body getting excited, with each time our tongues touched each other. I then would remove Jenny's shirt and bra, to lick, suck and nibble on her hard nipples. Running my tongue all over her nipple while pinching the other.

She moans and lets out a short sigh. I take her nipple between my teeth and gently bite, as I run my tongue all over the tip, making her go crazy.

Then I would kiss my way down to her belly button, licking and kissing her down to her pants. I'd then undo the button and slowly unzip them. Taking both hands, on either side of her hips, I slowly remove her pants. I ask her to step out of her pants, kissing my way back up the other leg, sucking the back of her knee and licking up

the inside of her inner thigh. Jenny is getting wet, thinking about how good my tongue feels on her skin.

Just then, my cell phone rings and I answer it. I step into the other room and can't see Jenny anymore. She lays back on the floor thinking about all I have said and done. She starts to pinch her own nipples, feeling them harden in her fingers. She then runs her hand inside her pants, and starts to caress her wet pussy. She is really



getting in to it and doesn't hear me walk back into the room. I stand and watch for a few minutes as she brings herself to climax. Just as she is about to cum, I say, "You lose." She smiled, and says I guess I did. So she asks me what do I want? I think about it for a minute.

I decide that I want to watch her get herself off. She says okay. She starts to remove her clothes quickly, but I stop her and tell her first I want a strip show. So she puts her shirt back

on and slowly removes her clothes, teasing me as she slowly removes each piece of clothing. She throws her bra into my face, then she undoes her pants, and teases me as she removes them. She stands there in her panties, then bends over and pulls them to the side so I can get a better view. I see how wet she is and start to caress my cock through my pants. She stands up and removes her panties, and throws them into my face and I smell her sweet soft scent.

Now she bends over and opens her butt cheeks so I can get a better view. While she's bent over, I hand her a dong I got when I went to the other room answering the phone. She grabs it and starts to rub it against her clit, then down to her wet vagina. To make sure it is wet, she rubs it hard against her clit, and turning it around, she places the fatter end inside

her and rubs her clit with her other hand. She removes the toy and lays down on the floor, placing both legs on the coffee table, and opens them wide. I move close to her and remove my pants, sit down, and start to rub himself. Jenny has an idea, and gets up, and goes into the other room.

While she's gone, I remove all my clothes, and wait for her to return. When she does, she has a glass of ice cubes, and a box of matches. She lights a candle, and then lays back on

I take her nipple between my teeth and gently bite, as I run my tongue all over the tip, making her go crazy.

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the floor. She allows the wax to drip on her breast as she rubs her clit with an ice cube. She then rubs the ice cube all over her wet pussy, and then up to her belly button. She slowly moves the candle down her stomach as the wax melts and drips on her body. As the wax drips on her body,



she lets out soft sighs and moans. She allows the wax to run down between her legs, on her inner thighs, and all over her mons.

She blows the candle out, and then takes another ice cube, and runs it all over the wax, that has collected on her clit. Sliding the ice cube all over, she then slides it inside of her,

pushing it all the way in. She starts to rub hard against her clit as the ice melts and runs from her vagina, making a wet puddle on the floor. I start to stroke myself more and harder, watching her as she moans and sighs. She starts to call out that she is cumming, and starts shaking as she sprays her lady-cum all over. Jenny has never gushed like that before, at least not while we've been together. Watching this, I pounded hard and fast on my cock and start to cum. I can't control my cock and lean over her and I cum all over her boobs.

Then I get down on the floor and lay next to her. We hold each other and kiss. Her body is still shaking, but whispers that now she needs to be fucked – hard. She sits up and leans into me taking my semi-hard cock into her hands, and working it back up. She takes it into her mouth, tasting the remaining cum on my cock head. I then reach over and start to caress her wet and wax-covered pussy.

Feeling the ice water running from her pussy, she lays back. I place two ice cubes inside her, and then start to lick her there. She starts shaking again and it does not take her long before she is cumming. As the ice melts and runs out, I lick it up, tasting all of her sweet juices mixed with the ice water. Then I move and slide my hard hot cock into her cold, wet, tight pussy. She lets out a loud moan and digs her nails into my back. I ram my cock in her hard and fast, each time feeling her get tighter, and tighter. She digs her nails harder into my back, and starts yelling out with pleasure.

After only two minutes of rest,

she told me that she was now ready to try something new, if I was up to it. Why wouldn't I be? We both stood up, and she laid herself over the arm of the sofa. I stood behind her and opened her legs. Then I knelt down, and started to lick her wet pussy from behind. She starts to cum again, this time all over my face. I stand up and tease her with my cock, rubbing it all over her clit and smacking her butt with it. Then just sliding in the head, I held it just inside her. She wanted more so she starts to ram herself hard against me. With me so deep inside her, she starts to cry out in loud sexual passion to fuck her harder, which I do until her screaming melts into a soft whimper of a final climax. Soon, as we're both covered in sweat, I start to cum. I pull out and spurt all over her butt. We fall to the floor tired, all hot and sweaty. After a few minutes, she says that we should take a shower, and finish up in there. I smile and tell her I'd race to it.

– Peter, Illinois

BASEMENT BOOGIE

*Sometimes the bedroom
isn't in the bedroom*

Here's a true story you might enjoy sharing with your readers. About two weeks years ago I got home at twelve thirty, like I normally did. There was a note for me on the kitchen counter. It was from my girlfriend, Serena, telling me to find her in the basement. She said if I didn't then she was going to move back with her mother in Buffalo. I re-read the note and now dazed

*I would tell her that she was insensitive for
constantly cheating on me and leaving me when
I was grieving over family.*

and confused a strange thing was happening. My dick started getting hard but I couldn't figure out why that was happening

I tried to pull myself together and I went down stairs to find her. I decided I would put it in her. Then I would tell her how hurtful she had been. I would tell her that she was insensitive for constantly cheating on me and leaving me when I was grieving over family.

I turned the basement light on,

went down the stairs and eventually found her in the storage room. There wasn't much there. Just a couch, a bed and a picture of some dogs playing poker that once hung in my dorm room years ago. I had used this is my man cave for a few years. Serena was on the bed, laying back on the pillows with her knees up. She was completely naked as was the 40 watt bulb that tried to light the room. Her eyes were big and her lips were pouty.

I stood in the open doorway looking at her, waiting to hear what she had to say.

She said. "I'm just going to lie here and let you do what you want to me. Anything you want, baby."

Without saying a word, I took off my pants and walked over to the bed. My cock was at attention and I pulled her head over and put it in her mouth. Deep. I kept it in there and told her to suck it good. Her saliva dripped down my balls

so this is how it starts?

She gazes across the room at his lithe features as he nears her. The strong contours of his face, her eyes tracing the outline of his broad shoulders that seemed to span the room. A swell begins to form inside her as she traces the length of his arms with the tip of her tongue along the inside of her lips.

He pretends not to notice the penetrating stare that indicates her desire welling for him. Casually sauntering towards her, he reaches out and takes her small hand in his. The size of his hand dwarfs her tiny hand and she begins to realize that the tale of size predicted by a man's hand must surely be true. She shudders at the thought of a massive cock slipping into her pussy.

Her mind fantasizes his naked body, showering his skin with gentle nibbles as she tastes every inch of his manly surface. Feeling the moistness left behind as she hungrily slips farther down his abdomen, her mind races at the very thrill of his hot cock slipping between her lips. Her heart quick-

ens as she draws nearer still to that hardening mass she can feel pressing against her body.

A slight tremble weakens her knees as she reaches downwards to his now erect cock. A moan escapes her parted lips as she takes his manhood fully in her hand and tugs gently against it. She feels his hips grind forward, trying to press inside her body.

The moment she feels the heat rising from his groin, she slides her tongue tenderly caressing the tip of his pulsing manhood. Allowing her mind to see the engorged structure thrusting deeper still into her waiting mouth, she is overcome with desire and fully swallows the first half of it to a point of gagging. But she fights the urge and tries harder to gulp down his swollen cock.

She reaches to her own soaked patch and begins to massage her clit as she sucks gently on his hardened cock. She gasps somewhat at the thought of their combined orgasms. Feeling his hot cock pumping violently inside her as he unloads himself deep into her mouth. Her own body grinding in rhythm to the pulsations

she feels in her throat.

His hand reaches around the back of her head and she hears his breath quicken as he nears that moment of eruption. He gently pushes her face deeper into his groin. Grasping her hair, he forces her head farther still into his body and he moans a deep, low wail. She intensifies her own massaging of herself as she nears that moment of total surrender.

Without warning, a slightly salty taste fills her mouth, followed by a warm rush of sweetness. The thick cum now sliding deep along the walls of her throat, seeming to drain out of her own twitching dripping pussy. Her face now planted as deep as she can, his cock is fully in her throat and she laughs inside at the feeling that has overcome them both. Thank you for that. I have so longed for you she whispers as she casually backs away.

Mrs. Smith, is there something on your mind? Are you still with us?

Of course, I heard every word?

—Alfie, Ohio

and then down my legs. I put my hand on one knee and pulled it down so they came apart. I stuck a finger, then two, then three in as she sucked me even harder. Then she stopped and rolled onto her stomach, putting the two pillows under her hips raising her butt into the air. She wanted me to go there next. So I slobbered on it, licked it good and thorough. She groaned awkwardly and bit down on the sheets as my cock penetrated her anus.

I held it in there for a few seconds so she could relax her muscle and then I started pumping faster. She screamed softly at first and then bit down on the sheets to muffle and more. Finally I came in her ass with three or four hard shots in the butt.

I kept my cock in her ass while I rolled her over with me still inside and rubbed her clit while she was on top of me until she came. My cock finally went limp and she got off me.

We heard a rustle in the corner and saw a mouse scurry across the floor. I grabbed a flashlight and tennis racquet and ran to annihilate it.

— Gregory, Ohio

STRAP-ON LESSONS

Best-friend boff as two hot honeys pleasure each other

Last night was my eighteenth birthday, and it was the most incredible night of my life because I fucked my best friend, Heather. You see, Heather—she's 18 too—stayed over at my house last night after my

birthday party. Before we went to bed, we started talking about guys. I told Heather that I was scared about fucking a guy. Heather reacted by pulling a giant strap-on dildo from her backpack.

"Would you like me to teach you how to fuck for your birthday?" Heather asked. I nodded.

Heather came over to me as she took off her shirt. Now, I've seen Heather's naked chest plenty of times. I mean, we're best friends, and we're always taking our clothes off in front of each other, so it's no big deal. This time, though, when she peeled

of its own.

Finally, Heather stood in front of me wearing nothing but her strap-on. I giggled at the sight. "Come here," Heather said. Then she giggled too.

She pulled me close. Our lips met, and we began to swap spit. Her hot breath rushed into my hole while her tongue danced like a butterfly in between my lips. Kissing Heather was really different. It felt weird, but I liked it. As we kissed, I peeled off my shirt and Heather took off my shorts. Finally, the both of us were buck naked.



off her top, I felt different. A tingling went through my body as I admired Heather's perfectly round breasts. I continued to watch her strip. She threw her panties on the bed next to me, and I could see that Heather had creamed her underwear. I picked up the soiled pair of panties and sniffed them. The salty smell of Heather's girl-juice really turned me on. My pussy started to make wet splotches

"Lie down," Heather told me. As I did, she knelt on my bed and positioned herself so the rubber dong was right at my mouth. "First, I have to teach you how to suck a guy's cock," she declared.

Rocking her hips back and forth, Heather ran the rubber cock across my lips. At first, I allowed it to slide into my mouth and against the cushion of my cheek. But, as I

This time, though, when she peeled off her top, I felt different. A tingling went through my body as I admired Heather's perfectly round breasts.

got comfortable, I let it slide farther down and into my throat. Heather coached me as I sucked.

“Am I doing a good job?” I asked, raising my head for a moment.

“Oh, fuck, yes, you make me wish I was a guy,” she moaned. I could see streams of girl-juice flow from her pussy as I continued to suck off the fake cock. Meanwhile, Heather reached down to play with my pussy. It was strange feeling her hand down there, but her gentle caresses made my own juices come flooding out. Waves of pleasure rippled through my body as she

flop around like a fish. However, as I convulsed around my bed, Heather’s lips stayed right with me. Gawd, did it feel awesome!

Finally, Heather released the lip-lock she had on my pussy and stood up to press the dildo into me. She was having a hard time pushing it in, so I tried my best to relax. Slowly, the rubber dong slid in with a slurping sound. I felt my virgin pussy-walls expand and contract as Heather pumped in and out of me. There was so much juice it was like somebody had turned on a faucet. Within a couple of seconds, my pussy started

love stone with my tongue.

Heather moaned. She placed her hands on my head and gyrated her hips into my face. “Tongue-fuck me,” she ordered breathlessly. I jettied my tongue into her sloppy pussy. It was so awesome tasting another girl’s juice, and Heather’s pussy definitely tasted sweet. As my tongue explored her pussy, Heather screamed out, “Damn, your tongue is hot.” I felt a stream of warm juices come flooding into my mouth. Heather screamed and pulled my head away from her pussy.

“Fuck me now,” Heather insisted. “Keep me coming!”

I picked up the strap-on and put it on. Heather lay on my bed so her pussy was off the mattress. I stepped between her legs and aimed the dildo at Heather’s love-hole. With one sure shove, the cock slurped into her pussy.

I slowly began pushing and pulling the cock in and out of her wet pussy. As I fucked her, the strap-on rubbed against my clitty. Rotating my hips, I found that I could also get off while I gratified Heather. I went faster and faster as I plunged the cock deep inside Heather’s pussy. My third orgasm rushed through me as I screwed my hot friend who, by now, was screaming her head off because she was coming—big time!

Heather quickly climaxed. After both our orgasms subsided, we lay down on my bed and fell asleep, exhausted from fucking.

Heather is still sleeping as I write this. However, she’d better wake up soon. I think I need another lesson.

— *Beth, New Hampshire*



patted my swollen clitty. I couldn’t take it any longer. “Fuck me like a guy,” I demanded.

Heather stepped off my bed and onto the floor. Instead of slipping me the dildo, she knelt between my legs and buried her face in my hairy pussy. Her lips totally took in my love button, and she sucked on it. She mouthed my clitty so hard that the feelings she aroused in me made me

to shiver with an orgasmic eruption. Heather’s sex lesson ended with me having a great climax.

Thankful for what Heather had taught me, I wanted to give her something in return. I wanted to eat her pussy. Squatting down, I pulled the strap-on off her waist. I placed my lips on Heather’s erect love button and sucked it into my lips, where I held it while I massaged her

*Heather reached down to play with my pussy.
It was strange feeling her hand down there, but her
gentle caresses made my own juices come flooding out.*

Wishful Thinking



*Abigail
Mac*



We know that the following is a cliché, but it fits perfectly: If you look in the dictionary under 'super sexy', then it's Abigail's photo that will be there. Never one to shy away from the cameras, this amazing brunette beauty is all about having super sex herself. And we are so glad she is.



Wishful Thinking

Us: Good morning Abigail. Let's get right into it... Are you having more sex in your personal life than you are in front of the camera?

Abigail: Not at tis moment.

Us: Why do you love sex so much?

Abigail: I've always been an open sexual person. I was never ashamed or thought it would be weird. I love really intense orgasms. I especially like getting my pussy eaten out and having a clitoral orgasm. It's different than a vaginal or anal climax. That's part of why I like girls so much.

Us: Do you love anal more than vaginally sex?

Abigail: It's just different. I love them both for different reasons.



You can't compare apples and oranges. I like them both but they're just different.

Us: Are you a very dominant or submissive person?

Abigail: It depends on the guy or girl. With the guy, I'm Usually submissive about most of the time and with the girl I'm Usually much more dominant.

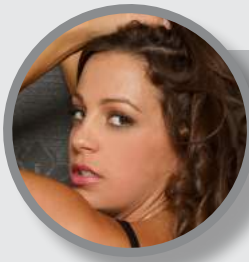
Us: When your dominant with a guy what does that mean?

Abigail: I've been known to tie some guys up and tease them.

Us: Ever Used a strap on, on a guy?

Abigail: No. I'm all about the girl's butt. They're nice.





Wishful Thinking

Abigail Mac

Us: What would your super-human super-power be?

Abigail: Superpower? Like Superman, you mean? I would like to fly. That would be so great. I get so tired of being on airplanes. I'm on several planes a month, so that would be great.

Us: You probably have a tone of them, but is there one scene you think was your absolute hottest?

Abigail: Yeah, you said it, there's too many to remember. Believe it or not, it was a threeway, with two other girls. I had done many such threeways before, but for some reason, this one stands out as pretty hot. I won't name anyone, but we were three girls in a tub.

Us: In your personal life, where is the strangest place you ever had sex?

Abigail: That's easy. I was staying at a dude ranch in Colorado and on the last night, I coerced my friend to go to the stable and we climbed on top of a horse and had sex. I think we confused the horse because he probably thought he was to go out.

Us: What do you think about guys Using erection-enhancing supplements?



Abigail: I try not to think about it, but I think I can tell when a guy has Used some. His erection Usually won't go down after climaxing. Of course, I prefer a natural fuck, but in this business most guys are aware of the pros and consequences, so it's really on them.

Us: If there was a female one, would you Use it?

Abigail: No, I don't think I would ever need it. My libido is pretty strong as it is. I think most if not all women in the biz don't need anything either. Most girls I've come across are pretty sexual.

Us: In your personal life, what stresses you about working in sex.

Abigail: Wow, that's kinda deep. Let me think for a moment. Well, asshole directors, for one. Especially when they treat the talent like dirt. I won't deal with that. There are also agents and crew that could Use some courtesy lessons. Oh yeah, any person that I'm in a relationship with that can't handle what I do for a living.

Us: Anything else you would like to add?

Abigail: No, that's pretty much it. But I do want to thank all my fans and supporters for my continued success and I wish each and everyone, the same. Love ya!

WAITING TO TURN ON

The phone man turns on more than her service!

I was really bumming when I had to spend the whole day just waiting for the telephone guy, since it was a sunny day and all my friends were hanging at the beach. It was all part of having my own place, though, so it was kind of worth it. I just hung around, looking out the window and wishing he would show up early to hook up my phone. But let me tell you, by the end of the day, more

and changed into a short skirt and a tiny little top that hugged my teen-aged curves. Then I went back into the kitchen, where he was working, and “accidentally” brushed against his hard body a couple of times. He looked up at me, and I winked.

That was all it took. He slipped his strong arm around my waist and crushed his body against mine. His lips met mine, and his tongue poked into my mouth, sending jolts of excitement to the hot spot between my thighs. I groaned as his hands slipped under my skirt, caressing my bare ass. His cock was hard and straining

blue veins.

“Are you sure you’re legal?” he croaked while I played with his cock.

“Yep, I’ve been 18 for about two months,” I whispered.

Satisfied, he rested his hands on my shoulders and guided me to my knees. I nuzzled his cock, then flicked my tongue against the deep red tip. His knees trembled, and he groaned with each contact. Then I parted my lips and allowed the head to slide into my mouth. His hand came down on the back of my head, his fingers twisting into my blonde hair.

I sucked on it, then poked my tongue into the creamy slit. He bucked his hips, and his cock dived deep into my throat. I gagged and gasped for air as the oversized intruder cut off my air supply. He pulled back, letting me catch my breath, then shoved his cock back into my mouth. He rammed in and out again and again, coming closer and closer to eruption with each passing second.

Suddenly, without warning, he let his cock slide out of my mouth and helped me to my feet. He guided me back toward the sofa, pushed my skirt up around my waist, and leaned me over the back of the sofa. I had been fucked a couple of times in high school, but no one had ever done it from behind. I was so horny by then that I would have taken it in any position!

His hand slipped up under my blouse, pinching and tugging on my stiff nips, while his cock slid into the smooth crevice between my little ass-cheeks. His lips blazed a trail down



than just my phone was turned on.

Jeff was a real hottie. His faded jeans and skin-tight T-shirt showed every ripple of his buff bod—only the traces of gray hair at his temples hinted that he wasn’t as young as he looked. And when he bent over to work on the jack, oh my god.

I didn’t want to be obvious, so I just pretended like I was going about my business. I went into my room

against his jeans, just begging to be let loose. I slipped my hand down between us and tugged at his button fly. One by one the buttons popped open, and I slid my hand into his jeans. I wrapped my fingers around the smooth, hard flesh and yanked it from its hiding place. I stroked along his pulsating cock, watching the gobs of pre-cum ooze from his gaping slit and trickle down over the bulging

Then I went back into the kitchen, where he was working, and “accidentally” brushed against his hard body a couple of times.

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my neck, sending chills up and down my spine.

I wiggled and ground my ass against him, loving the sensation of his cock in my crack. Then his hand slipped between us and his thumb caressed my pucker, tickling and tempting the virgin opening. A low moan escaped from deep down inside me. My pussy quivered with excitement, anxious for the moment his cock would invade my hungry hole.

“Fuck me,” I whispered, the anticipation more than I could bear. I needed to feel that hard cock ramming into me right then!

He didn’t say a word, just nudged his cock against my tiny back door. I moaned as the oversized intruder pushed its way past the guardian muscle, stretching the opening to accommodate its thickness.

Incredible sensations of pleasure swept through me as his cock caressed my insides. I bucked and groaned, my oozing pussy pulsating as he pushed deeper and deeper into me. I slipped my hand down between my legs and rubbed my throbbing clit as his cock rammed in and out of my body. I was so hot, so close to coming. I had never felt anything so intense.

He fucked me hard and fast, his hot breaths loud and ragged. I knew he was close, but I couldn’t wait. The heat spread slowly from my center. My entire body trembled as waves of pleasure crashed through me.

He groaned and made one final, desperate lunge, the power-

ful contractions of my tiny back door more than he could bear. His cock twitched and jerked as his hot cream blasted deep inside me. Then he dropped down on top of me, the quivering monster still buried deep in my ass. He kissed my neck, his teeth scraping lightly across my dampened flesh.

I moaned as he let his cock slide from my deflowered back door. He disappeared into the bathroom for a moment, then returned, his cock stuffed back inside his tight jeans. He smiled as I stood up, still unsteady on my feet.

FUCKING MARLENA

*Boss’s daughter is cherry...
but not for long!*

As soon as I saw Marlena, I knew I had to fuck her. I didn’t care that she was only 18 or, worse, that she was my boss’s daughter. I found out later that she was a virgin as well, but hell, that wouldn’t have stopped me either. The first time I saw her lithe young body and waist-length, white-blond hair, that was the end of me. I went right up to her that day and started a shameless, yet furtive, flirta-



“Your phone’s all set,” he said, as I tugged my skirt down. My pussy was still contracting with tiny waves of pleasure while he picked up his tools, turned to me and left. I was so glad I had passed on the beach and stayed home to get my service turned on. I got turned on too! It was definitely a day I would never forget.

— Kelsey/Vermont

tion that led to our first date—and more—less than a week later.

We got down to business after a night at a local dance club had left us sweaty and hot. “Oh, Marlena,” I whispered as my fingers caressed her body, unbuttoning her dress as they went. The soft silk puddled at her feet and she stood, clad only in white cotton underpants. Her tiny titties, too small by far for a bra, pointed up

*“Fuck me,” I whispered, the anticipation more
than I could bear. I needed to feel that hard cock
ramming into me right then!*

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BLAIR-NTS-10

at me, her nipples shimmering in the dim light. Gratefully I bent to one small breast and inhaled the delicate bud. Marlena gasped as I suckled at her succulent tit, then took both of them in my hands and squeezed.

Her scent, pungent from dancing, wafted up toward me as I dipped my head down to her puffy pussylips. She gasped again as my tongue parted the tender lips. Then her fingers were in my hair, and my mouth was hot on her clit, greedily sucking as she moaned above me.

I grasped her small ass and pulled her toward me, inhaling her musk as I lapped at her sweet pussy. Soon she exploded into my mouth, her body shuddering with release as the waves coursed through her.

Now it was my turn to undress, and she watched with rapt fascination as I freed my mushroom-headed rod. Without hesitation, she dropped to her knees, and I shuddered at the first tentative touch of her lips. She looked up at me then, her eyes bright, and smiled as she brought her tongue to the tip of my cock, lapping at the pearly drop of cum that had settled there. Obviously unsure of herself, still, she wrapped her fist around my shaft and stroked as she suckled at my flared head.

I groaned at her delicate touch, reveling in her inexperience and her feather-light caresses. When she wrapped her mouth around my pole and sucked me in, it was all I could do not to pound my way into her sweet mouth until I exploded down her tonsils. Instead, I lifted her to her feet and placed her on the bed. She looked at me expectantly as I

crawled on top of her, my rigid cock grazing her thigh.

"Have you ever done this before, Marlena?" I asked gently as my cock probed its way between her thighs.

She shook her head. "But I want to," she said, oh-so-softly, as my knob found her wet opening.

Fighting the urge to plunge my way into her virgin depths, I opened her wet cave only slightly, lodging my fat head into her recesses. She

her breath. Her pussy squeezed more tightly as I began to fuck her faster. Her tiny titties bounced and jiggled as she called out my name, her voice urgent.

Her long legs were wrapped around my back as I plunged my way into her tight slot. She arched into me as I rode her to her second orgasm. My own pleasure caught me by surprise, exploding outward with a fury that I'd never felt be-



moaned as I slowly pushed forward, her virgin pussy clamping tight on my hot shaft.

"Yes...." she whispered, urging me on as I slowly delved into her depths, feeling no resistance except for the exquisite pressure of her tight canal. When I had finally stuffed her as full as I could, she looked at me in the dim light and smiled, her eyes more daring now.

"I want you to fuck me," she said, her voice hoarse with longing.

And so I did, first with long and slow strokes that brought a low moan to her lips, then with a sure and steady probing that quickened

fore. I filled her tiny canal full of my lust, and she cried out in delight as I pumped my seed into her. Her deliciously tight pussy spasmed around my spraying hose.

When it was over, she smiled up at me, her blond hair spread out on the pillow under her. What could I do? I fucked her again, and again.

In the morning I called her father, quit my job, and then fucked her again. Drastic perhaps, but a small price to pay for the privilege of fucking Marlena, which is what I plan on doing, repeatedly, for as long as she'll let me.

— Charles/Massachusetts

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and sucked me in, it was all I could do not to pound
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B046

ANYTHING FOR BOOTY

I just love her enthusiasm

I gotta tell you about this booty call I got last month from this chick I had been banging. We did the straight stuff, You know, sex in the bed, on the floor, in the car. All nice and a little adventurous, but it was always just giving head and fucking. And we always did it during normal hours. Usually during the late afternoon after she got off work and if we did it at night, she'd always get up and leave by 10 pm saying she had to go to work the next day. But I'm not complaining here.

One Friday night she had canceled our movie date a couple days before, but when Friday night came around she called me about nine and said she'd like to see me at midnight. Well, I thought this was all a little out there, but I'd do anything, anytime for a little booty.

I got to the motel right on time. It was in a bit of a seedy neighborhood, but the building itself was okay. I went to the room and knocked on the door. She answered wearing a white wife-beater, white cotton panties and knee-high athletic socks. Quite different than the stylish chick I had been banging. Somewhat reluctantly I entered the room and she closed and locked the door behind me. Giving me a quick kiss on the cheek, she walked over to the bed and sat down.

Before moving, I looked around and saw a bunch of garbage bags and things laid out on the dresser: lotions, towels and some soft drinks.

On the bed there was a plastic painter's sheet laid over it. She motioned me to come over and I did, stopping right in front of her. Without saying a word, she unzipped my pants and pulled out my willie. It was already semi-hard from fright and anticipation. My pants and boxers fell to the floor and she immediately started sucking me.

She's done this before, but not with this setting and such enthusiasm. She stopped sucking and stood up taking my clothes off and then hers. She walked over to the dresser and got the bottle of baby oil. I watched her come back, get on the bed and straddle me. She squirted oil all over me and then all over herself. Bending down she smeared the stuff all over us and within a few seconds, slid off laughing, and I laughed, too.

Pulling me on top of her she squirted more oil on my back and all over me. I was really enjoying this now, especially feeling all the attention that her hands were giving my body. I mentally eased myself into the situation and really got into it. She was really cool about things and I have to say we had just a fucking fun time. There was a lot of slithering back and forth and it was very sexy.

We finally finished about three in the morning adding out cum juices to the plastic sheet. We jumped in the shower and it was even more fun trying to get all the oil off ourselves. That took over an hour and I'll have to tell you about that in another email. We dressed and then threw everything, the bottles,

the towels, the soft drink cans and everything else into the middle of the plastic sheet and rolled it up and put it in garbage sack. We had a lot of fun and didn't leave a mess. We just dropped it into the dumpster on our way out.

—Jordan, S. Dakota



MERMAID

She was swimming in a mermaid's tail, but there was nothing fishy about her sapphic desires

Lana was swimming when I

She was really cool about things and I have to say we had just a fucking fun time. There was a lot of slithering back and forth and it was very sexy.

first saw her. I don't suppose there's anything unusual about that...except, perhaps, for the circumstances under which she was swimming and the outfit she was wearing.

She wasn't swimming in the ocean or in an ordinary swimming pool. She was in a big pool with thick



glass sides, cavorting with a couple of porpoises, and she was wearing a bodysuit that made her appear bare on top, though of course I couldn't see more than the shape of her nipples. Below the waist, she wore a mermaid's tail.

Lana and the porpoises were putting on a show in the small-time

California amusement park where she worked, and the visitors who crowded around the pool were surely more interested in Lana than in the porpoises. Especially the horny guys who were watching her and drooling. And especially me, too.

Looking around at the guys whose excitement was evident in their pants, I was amused to think that I was just as turned on but, being a girl, had the advantage of my horniness not showing. True, my panties were getting distinctly moist as I creamed them in my rising heat, but I knew I wasn't wet enough for it to soak through my shorts...yet!

Still, I had a continuing and almost-irresistible desire to rub my throbbing clitty as I watched Lana cavort in the pool. I stuck around far longer than the third-rate show deserved. I didn't care that much about the porpoises, but I wanted very much to see all of Lana that I could. At last it was time for her break. As she climbed out of the pool, I made sure to be near the ladder.

"I really enjoyed the show!" I enthused as she emerged from the pool, dripping wet, her hair a tangled mass of soaked auburn strands.

She flashed me a bright, broad smile. "A fan! How nice!" she said in a warm, honeyed voice. "I'm about to take a break. Want to sit and chat?"

That wasn't exactly what I wanted to do with her, but it would do for now. She guided me around a corner and through a gate, to a bench in a secluded area away from the amusement park's visitors. "So... what did you like best about the

show?" she asked.

"You!" I answered boldly.

She laughed. "Are you a swimming enthusiast?"

"No, I'm more of a fan of beautiful girls," I said, my heart in my mouth.

She looked at me, tilted her head sideways, and smiled even more broadly. "A sapphic sister? Wonderful! I'm a fan of beautiful girls too...and I definitely think you're one. Let's see what else we both admire."

"I admire a well-trained tongue," I said.

Lana licked her lips extravagantly, then extended her tongue as far as she could and flickered it at me. I opened my mouth in a receptive gesture, pursed my lips receptively, and felt my eyes closing as the heat of the moment suffused my body.

I don't know which of us made the first move, but suddenly we were both leaning toward each other, till our lips met, our tongues twined around each other, and Lana and I were caught up in a passionate kiss. Her hand encircled the back of my neck, pulling me closer to her. My hand grasped her back, holding her tighter to me.

"Mmmm," Lana moaned around my tongue.

I broke the liplock to voice an urgent question: "Do you have a dressing room or something here?"

"A trailer," she gasped.

"Let's go," I said.

"I'm on again in half an hour," she said.

"And I hate quickies," I groaned.

"Quickies can be delicious...and we do have almost half an hour."

I don't know which of us made the first move, but suddenly we were both leaning toward each other, till our lips met, our tongues twined around each other.

“Then let’s hurry.”

Hurry we did, right to Lana’s trailer. We stripped quickly, she out of her wet swimsuit and I out of my clothes. I gazed at her body, allowing myself a minute to drink in the visual delight. I judged her boobs to be C-cups, generous without being overfull. Her waist was trim and her thighs strong, as befits a lady who swims for a living, and her arms were lithe and tight. Freckles speckled her shoulders and neck, and her belly had just the slightest hint of a curve, the mark of a lady who enjoys good food but doesn’t let her weight get

down, four fingertips on each hand trailing their way down from my collarbone, down to the start of the swell of my breasts, down across the ever-growing expanse of my boobs, down till they reached my nipples.

When the pads of her fingertips touched my areolae, they and my nipples themselves stiffened and grew firm as she teasingly circled my bumpy aureoles, making the flesh harden and the bumps grow more pronounced. Then she lightly pinched my nipples, stroking them as if they were mini-pricks, and I felt my nips stiffen harder and elongate.

its slow way up to her shoulder, where it cut across to the hollow of her neck. There I stopped to bestow little kisses and a wee bit of suction before licking my way down to the valley between her breasts. Then I tongue-travelled across and up the mountain, rising up to the peak, till I reached her nipple.

My teeth came into play at that point, and I scraped at her areola as I worked my way across the brown circle and up to the peak of her nipple. There my teeth latched on to the nubbin and gently scraped at the promontory, till I could no longer stand it and had to take the whole thing in my mouth, sucking outrageously as I tried to devour her whole breast.

When Lana cried out in sheer joy, her body trembling and her legs growing weak, I let go of her nipple and tongued my way down her torso till I’d reached her waist. “Yes! Yes! Oh, yes, please, eat me, eat me, lick my pussy!” she called out in agony, and I worked my way down farther, farther, farther, but slowly as I could.

I was as eager as she was, and not just because our time was limited. I could smell the musky pussy fumes wafting up to me from Lana’s crotch, tempting my nostrils, teasing my brain, inflaming my libido, and taunting my pussy. I knew what waited for me: a womanly swamp, ripe with the juices of her heated passion and thick with the excitement that had swollen her tissues, dampened her valley, and heated her body to its full potential. I wanted it all! But yet—in spite of my desire and despite the fact that the



out of hand.

She seemed to be enjoying what she saw too. Her eyes made love to every inch of my 5'6" frame, caressing my curves and lingering on the swell of my breasts—also C-cups.

Then it wasn’t just her eyes making love to my breasts. Her two hands reached out and touched my chest, worked their way slowly

Soon they were jutting out like little fingers, and those fingers were pointing right at Lana’s nips.

Fair enough—they were pointing the way; I would follow where they pointed.

But instead of using my hands, as Lana had, I cut right to the chase and led with my tongue. That tongue started its travels on her left arm—I do like to tease a little—and worked

When Lana cried out in sheer joy, her body trembling and her legs growing weak, I let go of her nipple and tongued my way down her torso till I’d reached her waist.

time we could spend together was brief—I didn't want to rush through our pleasures. I wanted to make us both wait for it, so that, when we had it, we'd appreciate it more.

And so I tongued my way down slowly, slowly, slowly as could be, through the thicket of auburn abundance, curly and coarse and rich with fragrant pussy-juices, down to the place where her vee-split started, down to where I could taste the acrid outpouring of horny juices, down through her musky valley, back to where her clit jutted out, proud and needful and eager for attention, begging me, "Touch me! Touch me! Touch me now!"

And, listening to its silent pleas, I did as it wanted and tongued her pointy promontory. As Lana swayed on unsteady feet, I licked between her wide-spread legs and tongued her clitty till she stumbled and nearly fell.

"Go lie down!" I urged huskily. If the truth be told, I was a little unsteady in my own crouched position by then. I needed to get off my feet too. So Lana lay down, and I got on my knees between her spread legs, once again extending my wicked tongue till it touched down on what had been a mini-mount but was now gargantuan, her pulsating, swollen, blood-engorged clitty.

Suddenly the "mermaid" became vocal again. "Eat me! I need it. I want it! I'm so hot! I've got to get off. And we haven't much time. Hurry! Hurry! Get me off!"

Hardly one to ignore a damsel in distress, I plastered my tongue to the tippy-point of her clitty and

began to lick with serious intentions. Gone was my teasing, gone were any games, gone was anything but a sincere intention to get the lady off. I flicked my tongue back and forth across her pulsating clit-point as I strove to bring her the satisfaction she so eagerly sought.

And she certainly was seeking it. Her body was writhing, humping, wrestling with unseen demons as she thrust up in the air, humped wildly, while her pussy threw itself upward, strained to come, did everything but turn itself inside-out. She was oozing juices so copiously that my face was

and then it would be my turn. And she certainly was going to get off soon. I had no doubt of that. Her every motion, her every moan and groan, her every wild, upward hump told me that. And once she'd had her satisfaction, it would be my turn for mine.

So I increased the speed with which I was licking her, increased the pressure with which my tongue flicked over her clit, increased the urgency with which my hand gripped her thighs as I bore down on her with an urgency born not only of a strong wish to satisfy her needs



bathed in pussy-musk, and the odor and flavor inflamed me to where I was in an agony of need myself.

My pussy-pocket ached. It throbbed mercilessly. It needed relief. I wanted to put my finger to my own clit and just get myself off. But I held back. This was no time to be weak-willed. I was in want of something better—Lana. I only had to wait till she got off, I told myself,

but of a need to satisfy my own.

And then, suddenly, Lana was gasping, flailing, wildly tossing about, pulling my hair, raking her fingernails over my skin, calling out, "Yes, yes, yes! Oh! OH! OHHHHHH!" and she was coming, coming violently, coming ferociously, coming fiercely, coming like a person who hasn't had a climax in many months.

Although, as beautiful and sexy

She was oozing juices so copiously that my face was bathed in pussy-musk, and the odor and flavor inflamed me to where I was in an agony of need myself.

as Lana was, I could hardly believe that was possible.

But obviously she was one hot mama.

And then she had fallen back, collapsed, let go of me, relaxed, and was gasping as if she'd just run the one-minute mile.

But a minute later, she was sitting up, still winded, but a woman with an urgent mission: "Quick. We haven't much time. Let me do you. I have to be back in the pool in 10 minutes!"

I didn't argue. And I knew that, hot as I was, it wasn't going to take me any 10 minutes to get my satisfaction.

We didn't trade places; I just got on top of her, riding her face, and proffered her my pussy for her licking pleasure...and mine. Her tongue immediately snaked out, but instead of going straight for my clit, she first slithered up into my channel, up into my hole, as far into my depths as her tongue would reach.

So, Lana was a tease too!

After flicking at my canal for a minute or two, tantalizing the nerves that live there and making me even hotter without bringing me closer to climax, she finally took pity on me—or maybe she was merely mindful of the time—and brought her tongue to my swollen-as-a-cherry clitty.

Fervently licking her way back and forth, she quickly raised my fever to boiling and remained zeroed in on her target, my plump clit. Then she raised her hands to my breasts, found them by feel, and began to torment my two nips with her fingers as she continued to molest my clit

with her tongue.

Rising quickly to an unprecedented quick orgasm, I ground down against her mouth, her nose, her cheeks, as I strove to get off. And in a minute I felt that I was almost there. Almost...her hands on my nipples...almost...her tongue raking over my clitty...almost...her body below me...almost...almost.... ahhh!

Oh! Ah! Ohmigod! Ohjeez! Ohhhhhhhhhh! And there I was, cresting mere seconds after she had touched her tongue to my clit, but I had needed it so badly, had been so hot, had been so in want of this climax. Oh! Yes!

And then I flopped down on top of Lana, threw myself to her side and lay beside her...but she said, "I have to get going."

My mermaid was leaving me! I said as much.

"I'm not a mermaid," she laughed. "I'm a mere maid. A mere maiden. A maiden in distress...till you rescued me. I was soooooo horny."

"You were horny? You were horny? One look at you and I was...."

I left the thought unfinished, but she got the idea. And she kissed me. "Stick around for the next show, and I'll meet you back here afterward."

There's just so much you can take of frolicking porpoises. But when you've got a mermaid like Lana waiting for you...well, it's amazing what you can put up with. Mere maid? I don't think so! I made her every way I could think of!

—Larry B., Nebraska

ALL HALLOW'S EVE

Almost everyone had too much to drink!

I just have to write you about the last Halloween party I just threw at my house. Halloween is my favorite holiday and I'm known around the neighborhood for throwing raucous parties, so



in order to keep the neighbors at bay over the noise and crowds, I invite them all, and just about everyone of them shows up. Then there are the others. Office co-workers, friends of friends, and

Her tongue immediately snaked out, but instead of going straight for my clit, she first slithered up into my channel, up into my hole, as far into my depths as her tongue would reach.

even the bank tellers and shop owners I do my everyday business with.

The invite says the party starts at 9 pm, but a lot of them show up early and many show up late, but either way, by midnight, it's a wild and lecherous scene. By then, almost everyone has had too much to drink. The pool is full of half- or totally-naked people and the house looks like a tornado ran through it.



My wife, Estelle, is a fox for 50+ years and loves to party. This year she was dressed as an astronaut in a skin tight silver bodysuit and boots, a NASA patch over her heart, her hair has been dyed silver and coiffed

into a helmet and large transparent glasses as a visor. She has installed a drop down booty patch with a note on her back that says, "To see the moon, open hatch." Her costume is the hit of the party and her hatch was probably opened fifty times that night before she decided it was too much trouble and dropped her costume completely.

But I digress. Around the block from our house is a small shopping plaza with about ten small shops. One of them is a head shop that's owned by Jerrie, a baby boomer and ex-hippie who was left the shop after her husband, Max, died. Tonight, Jerrie was dressed in a habit as a nun.

Habit, hat and a cross hanging from her neck. she came into the house, she passed by me as I answered the door and whispered that she didn't have anything on underneath. Brushing her hand over my cheek and looking back at me as she passed, her signal was unmistakable. We first met her years ago when we were still smoking the stuff. Now that we're neighbors, we visit often.

Jerrie walked through the house and back to the pool area where she found a group gathered around my wife, drunk and on exhibit. She was sprawled across two pool chairs with her butt in the air while someone shined a flashlight on it and describing it as different phases of the moon. Somehow Estelle notices Jerrie through all the people and wiggles her finger to invite her over. The crowd disperses and the two ladies each take a chair and start talk-

ing up a storm.

After a few minutes, they both get up and head for the house. I notice this through the corner of my eye and excuse myself from my company to follow them through the house and watch as they disappear into our bedroom. They close the door behind them and I give them fifteen minutes before making up an excuse to go into the bedroom.

"Oh excuse me!" I say as I open the door and walk in and find them sprawled on the bed with my wife between Jerrie's legs slurping on her pussy. "Don't mind me, I just have to pee." I say. Jerrie tells me to hurry up and join them. I go in and do my thing, wash up a bit and come out to the bed with my cock already hard from the scene in front of me. I rub my eyes to be sure of what I'm seeing.

Estelle stands up and pulls me onto the bed and pushes my head into Jerrie's mound as she moves up and straddles Jerrie's face, firmly planting her pussy on Jerrie's mouth. I'm licking her wet pussy as my wife dismounts and finds my cock and pulls it into her mouth. Jerrie finds my wife's pussy again and now we're in a triangular daisy chain. We make each other cum several more times and fell asleep.

We wake up about four in the morning, get dressed and go out to see what all the noise is only to find the party's still going. Just about everyone is drunk and there's a bit of hanky panky in every corner. Man, I sure can throw a party! Can't wait until next year. You're invited!

- Matt, Georgia

"Oh excuse me!" I say as I open the door and walk in and find them sprawled on the bed with my wife between Jerrie's legs slurping on her pussy.

SECRET CRUSHES



Kendra Banx
Samantha Ryan

We all know you wish you could hook up with the ladies in these pages. While highly unlikely, we encourage you to let them know you'd wash their car, meet their parents, or just that you have a secret crush on them!

Finally! It's about time you guys included a strap-on scene in your magazine. While I like what you do, with a good mix of solo, guy+girl, girl+girl and so on, I don't recall seeing a strap on scene and I've been subscribing for the last four years! Anyway, I digress... I must say that I did enjoy what you showed but again, a few more photos would have been nice. The video, though was worth it. I loved all the toy action and it made the strap-on scene worth waiting for. And as a bonus, the girls were really hot and seemed to enjoy it a lot. So please, dig down deep into your photography and give us some more girl on girl strap on scenes. What guy wouldn't want to see them.

— Blake, Baltimore

Oh my! Angelina Valentine, well it almost rolls off your tongue. I'm writing to tell you how hot I thought she was, and sexual, too. I'm a big fan of Italian women and she seems like a perfect example. Full chest with a booty to match. Slim waist and a sexual appetite as long as Long Island. I have to tell you, I could not keep my eyes off her boobs. They bounced and bounced as she fucked. They sat there patiently as she was eaten out, or as she was giving that lucky dude some great head. I bet he didn't appreciate her Italianess as much as I would! Let's be honest here, I could bang her much better than he did. Because I love and want to fuck a girl like her. Just wanting her brings so much more to the sexual equation than just a bang in front of the camera. If she likes that, I can do that, too. Just let me know.

— Donald, Raleigh



Angelina
Valentine

OUR UNDERSTANDING

Almost everyone had too much to drink!

I'm writing to offer an alternative solution to cure an ailing sex life. Get your wife to let you be the boss. You may think you are but read on...

My wife, Jackie, and I have been married for more than 25 years. After living a long time with a constantly declining sex life, I finally took over, and now I control our sexual activity. How? You ask. Well, it started months ago, after we had a fight about, what else, sex. Jackie said she was tired of my constant complaining, and finally said, "OK, you be the boss. We'll do whatever you say, this time." She was surprised when I decided to take her up on her statement. And I think she was even more surprised to find that she liked it that way as much as I did.

So I found a way to make our sex life more exciting and get things done around the house. When she does any housework, like cooking dinner, or washing dishes, or even vacuuming, she must wear four-inch heels, a red lace teddie and nothing on underneath. Our agreement is that when I decide to grab her boobies or ask for a quick bj, she stops what she's doing while I have my fun. Just watching her is great, stopping her is even better.

With this new sexual understanding, we've done a lot of things we only used to talk and fantasize about. As a guy, I like watching football games on the weekend and now all day Saturday and Sunday, she is

at my beck and call. While sitting on the couch, Jackie gives me a blowjob as I eat potato chips and watch the game. Sometimes on her knees and sometimes on the sofa with me, it's one helluva way to watch the game.

Something that she never wanted to do was using a vibe or dildo.



Because I'm now the boss, she finally agreed. We started out with a small vibe and then to larger ones. I used dildos on her and now we many different sizes, colors and a whole lot of batteries. And Jackie now loves them all. The last one she brought home was about nine inches long and very thick. I love pumping that monster in and out of her and she goes wild.

Another thing she has agreed to is to masturbate in front of me. She used to do herself when I was at work, she told me, but never as a part of our lovemaking. Now, I watch my wife in our bed with high heels on, fucking herself with a vibrator, and after she cums a time or two, I'll join

in with either a big dildo or my cock. Either way, there's a guaranteed climax for us both.

Now my wife is my play toy. We have sex all the time, or at least whenever I want it. Whatever I want, it's taken care of immediately. Be it a blowjob, handjob, quickie fuck, it's

all up to me. I don't abuse the situation and she can say no (she has only done that once, but changed her mind within ten minutes). You don't need to look for another woman when you have an arrangement like mine, but within a couple weeks I'm going to test her by asking for us to try a threesome!

— Connor, Idaho

FIRESIDE GLAMPING

Her beautiful body glowed by the firelight

I finished loading the RV as Miranda doused the campfire one last

Our agreement is that when I decide to grab her boobies or ask for a quick bj, she stops what she's doing while I have my fun.

time to be sure it was completely out. We were trying to get an early start to our drive to Meteor Crater outside of Flagstaff, Arizona. It would be an easy drive from Zion, Utah and we were excited about seeing this huge hole in the ground.

I'm getting ahead of myself. The day prior, we were hiking along one of the isolated trails near our campsite late in the day. For a short time thought we were lost but climbed over a ridge and saw the campsite some 300 feet below us. We were the only RV left as all the others left that day. It was kind of

ing to miss this opportunity to have some fun out in Mother Nature.

We stripped naked and let the fire warm our bodies. Miranda's beautiful body glowed in the firelight. I was sitting on the blanket with a most obvious stiffie. Miranda sat a few feet away, the fire heating us up even more. I saw she was staring over the low flames at my cock. I looked down at where her crotch met the blanket and noticed a damp patch there. I looked up and found Miranda staring into my eyes. She smiled slightly and stood up slowly.

My breathing quickened when

pressed hard into my chest, while we kissed each other, flicking our tongues about each other's mouths. I ran my hands over her body, gripping her thighs, buttocks and breasts.

Her nipples were so hard, I just had to pinch them and twist them between my fingertips. This elicited a more fervent suck, and a guttural noise in her throat. I withdrew my tongue from Miranda's mouth and raised my head. We must have exchanged a lot of juice because, all around her lips, down her cheeks and dribbling down her chin was a great deal of our saliva. We smiled at each other. I slowly progressed downwards, kissing her neck, between her breasts - stopping to flick from side to side - circling her areolas with my tongue. Then continuing over her flat stomach to her pussy.

I gently parted Miranda's legs and bent my head closer to her sweet, wet spot. From the sound Miranda made when my tongue touched her pussy, she was ready to cum. But I was not about to let her, just yet. I continued lapping away at her hot, wet pussy and the moans and breathy pants emitted from her mouth only excited me more. In the warm orange light of the dying fire, I could see her hips bucking at my face and I could see the various muscles in her thighs contracting rhythmically with my sucking and within a few glorious moments I heard Miranda cry out and, before I knew it, she was exploding! My face was drenched, and come was spurting from her pussy! I couldn't



spooky all alone in the wilderness, but we were avid campers and knew that everything would be fine. Good thing too, because it was approaching dark. We got back to camp and I started a fire to warm us your a few hours before we retired. We settled in and cuddled reminiscing about our past few days here at the park. When we were sure we were all alone we decided we were not go-

Miranda sat down in front of me. She reached out with one hand and gently gripped my cock, then she slowly moved her hand over the length of it. My breathing quickened even further, and she gradually sped up her jerking motion. I took her hand signalling that I did not want to cum yet and gently pushed her back onto the blanket. We lay there for a while, her breasts

From the sound Miranda made when my tongue touched her pussy, she was ready to cum. But I was not about to let her, just yet.

believe it! After ten years together, I now discovered that Miranda was a squirter!

She melted back into the blanket and I stretched out beside her. She rolled over on her side, our bodies touching and I felt her hand at my throbbing cock. I moaned quietly as she began to stroke it and lifted her lips to mine in a very sensual thank you for such a great orgasm. We lay there as the fire slowly went out, the only heat now supplied by me as she stroked me to climax. We gathered our stuff and headed into the RV for the night.

It's now six the next morning and the sun's been up for about a half hour. We each managed a quick shower at the campsite and feel clean and adventurous. A quick fill of the gas tank on Route 89 and we're on our way. It's a beautiful clear, crisp day and about four hours later we pulled into a far corner of the parking lot at the site. Before heading out, we munched on bagels and cream cheese and had our morning glass of orange juice. We grabbed some granola bars, sunscreen and our cameras and took the long walk to the edge of the crater.

The view was amazing. To think that a relatively small object made a hole this large is almost unbelievable. Grabbing some brochures, we walked down the pedestrian stairway to the observation platform that was built, and along with twenty or so others, gazed over the enormous hole before us. We could pick up bits of conversations and facts being bantered about. Cameras clicked

and binoculars looked to bring the opposite rim closer for inspection. After about a half hour, we decided to walk the rim and check out some other vantage points. But we were really looking to ditch the crowds and find ourselves some privacy for more erotic picture taking.

Twenty minutes along the southern rim brought us to a cluster of rocks that looked just right. The sun was getting hotter and our clothes were making us hotter. We looked around and found ourselves alone and secluded. Quickly our clothes came off and I took my cam-

underneath. Her head disappearing between my legs as she sucked each one in turn as one hand stroked my cock and the other pulled me deeper into her mouth. I looked up every few moments to be sure we were still alone. After several minutes, she put my shirt over a large rock and I sat on it waiting for her sweet pussy to sit on me. Suddenly everything was washed out as the sun and the heat briefly got to me and I dizzied myself into another place.

Gradually, as the world came back into focus, Miranda was sitting on top of me, my dick was still



era out in time to snap this pic of Miranda on her knees with my cock in her mouth.

After I took a few such photos I put the camera down and proceeded to enjoy the fruits of our trek to this spot. The sun was beating down on Miranda's face as she sucked me, naked at the edge of this humongous depression in the earth. I watched as she licked my balls from

hard and it was still in her pussy. Then I felt another strange sensation. I realized that Miranda's vagina was contracting around me. Her muscles continued to pulse as she pushed herself up and down, impaled on my cock. She slowly and gently rocked her hips back and forth, and in light circles. My hips thrust into her in response. It didn't take long for me to come. As

*I watched as she licked my balls from underneath.
Her head disappearing between my legs as she
sucked each one in turn as one hand stroked my cock...*

I shuddered inside Miranda, her tits jiggled and bobbed slightly. It was an exquisite orgasm, a calm wave rippled through me as I spurted into her still throbbing pussy.

We switched places and she positioned herself with her back on the rock as I stood and looked around to be sure all was still private. I looked back down at her and she opened her legs inviting me to taste her warmth. When I did, I placed my mouth over her clit and labia and sucked at her pussy. Af-

ing. I looked back down at Miranda and she looked even more glorious than when I first met her years ago. She was covered in sweat, so much so that she looked like she had just come from a shower, and her skin shone like silver and jewels from the bright sunlight.

We decided it was time to get dressed and get back to the RV. Hiking back along the rim, we passed a park ranger who asked us if we got a good look at the crater. We said we did and smiled. Passing him, Mi-



ter several minutes of furious licking, sucking and fingering, she cried out that it felt so good and I should not stop. I continued finger-fucking her as she rode out her multiple orgasms. Wave after wave rode over her.

When she was finally lying still, I sat up to survey the scene. I heard a rustling in the distance but did not fear anyone was approach-

ing. I looked back down at Miranda and she looked even more glorious than when I first met her years ago. She was covered in sweat, so much so that she looked like she had just come from a shower, and her skin shone like silver and jewels from the bright sunlight.

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– Lefty, Missouri

SUMMER JOBBING

*When the lady needed help,
I came*

I would take on some painting jobs around the college to make some money to help pay for my books and such. Last week I was painting these rich people's indoor stairway when the lady of the house walks up the stairs without looking at me or saying a word and went into her bedroom and didn't close the door. She stood in front of the full length mirror and took off her dress.

I couldn't help but watch and she must realize I was watching. She moved her hands behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the floor. Her boobs were beautiful! She ran her hands over them and squeezed them as if admiring how good they looked.

"Do you like them?" she asked suddenly turning towards me. I struggled to find any words and just managed to squeak a 'yes.' Her ass was really sexy too as she walked over to the bed and said, "Come here and lick me." I put down my brush and entered the bedroom and saw she had laid back on the bed and spread her legs wide.

I moved in between her legs and pushed my tongue into her deliciously wet pussy. She tasted real good. A moment later I could feel all the muscles in her pussy contracting as she came. I got up, wiped my mouth, grabbed my brush and went back to work.

– Roger, Illinois

*Finding my cock, she massaged it as we walked and
I was rock hard and ready to go again by the time we
made it to the parking lot...*

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